

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

I think I can claim to have brought before the public of Toronto most continuously and seriously the question of bringing water by gravitation from Lake Simcoe. That others preceding me had not the opportunities of presenting their statements as carefully as I have been able to present mine, and that subsequently others have in an erratic way presented schemes that have not enjoyed public confidence, matters little, and indeed it is entirely unimportant except that a man has a right to speak out after he has demonstrated his interest and to a certain extent his knowledge in matters of that sort. The coming to the surface of the conduit pipe has brought to the surface also many startling features of our water supply. If the pipe had never before come to the surface we might excuse the occurrence as one unlikely to happen more than once in a lifetime, but this is the second appearance of the sea-serpent within three years.

At the present crisis many voices are raised in protest, warning and I-told-you-so. It is really not a good time to make a decision. In Toronto, however, there seems to be no good time to decide anything. The moment the crisis is over people resume their normal lethargy, and if a thing is decided in the heat of the moment, almost invariably the question is decided in a way that does not do credit to the sense of the city. Just now the people are prone to fall back on the advice of Engineer Keating. I am not an engineer and have no right to say that the gentleman employed by the city is not exceedingly clever: all I can conscientiously say is that I have never seen anything clever that he ever did, and I am fairly acquainted with his record here and elsewhere. He has been preaching to us the necessity of a tunnel and the danger of our present system. He has told us a dozen times in the most unmistakable terms that the conduit was unsafe; now that the thing has risen at the most inopportune time, and the city is placed in the most disadvantageous light, what do we find? That sand had been permitted to accumulate in the conduit at a depth of from fifteen to twenty inches. A water-logged plank some six or eight feet long, three inches thick and some fifteen inches wide had drifted into the conduit, the Lord only knows how, and stood upright embedded in the sand, obstructing the course of the water and probably causing the upheaval. Engineer Keating during all the time that he was warning us of the danger, was failing to inspect the pipe; in fact, it appears that the pipe had not been inspected since the beginning of April. Engineer Keating may be a very clever man, but he cannot be a very conscientious officer if with his mind filled with phantoms of another upheaval or some such disaster he did not have the pipe properly inspected. He is the man to blame. Had his dreams of disaster impressed him at all he would have had his officers cleaning the pipe and taking proper precautions to prevent the miserable condition of things that now exists. I think that this conviction of Engineer Keating of being a thoroughly incompetent person and we should not rashly rush to such a man for a solution of our trouble. The evidence is before us, the results are everywhere apparent, and we have a right to say that Engineer Keating is to blame. Was he anxious to prove that his theory was right by non-inspection of the pipe, or does he, like Architect Lennox, desire to build a monument to himself at the expense of Toronto? If so, was it clever or conscientious for him to sacrifice the interests of the public in order to demonstrate that he knew exactly what would happen, or was he, like the rest of us, incapable of judging? Either horn of the dilemma places Engineer Keating in a very unpleasant position.

Besides advocating the gravitation system, I have frequently pointed out that to get pure water from the lake we should force it through the conduit, not pull it through. Everyone knows that when water is being forced through instead of being pumped through, every hole or place of leakage forces water out of the pipe into the surrounding water, while when it is being pumped or sucked through, every place of leakage has the contaminated water sucked into the pipe and mixed with the water that is being pumped. It is evident to me, and I think it should be evident to every thinking person, that unless the tunnel scheme is adapted the water should be forced from the Island or some place as remote as possible from the pumping-station, instead of being sucked across the bay in the present unscientific manner. An engine of fifty-horse power could lift the water at a station on the Island into a reservoir six feet higher than the level of the bay at the pumping-house well at the wharf, and by gravitation the water would force itself through the bay, certainly preventing the incorporation of impurities during its progress from the pumping-station on the Island to the pumping-station on the wharf. Supposing a hole as big as a man's hand were in the pipe, the water being pushed across, it would simply mean an escape of a certain amount of the water in the pipe. If it is being sucked across it would mean the intake at that point of impurities. Such a station as I speak of would mean the personal supervision of officers at what is practically the intake point, and a half a dozen pipes might lead to the Island reservoir, thus preventing the frightful suction and current of one pipe, which at present is buried in the dirt beneath the lake, where all the filth is naturally deposited by storms and currents. Such a station might

provide the whole Island with water and a different sanitary condition there, as well as preserve us from such accidents as we are now the victims of, and guard us against the incoming dirt through fissures in the pipe, without increasing the cost of pumping.

In the bay and on the lower levels around the Island are now deposits of filth, the bottom of which cannot be reached by an oar or any ordinary rod. These yellowish mixtures of sand and the solid portions of the sewage are filthy beyond description. Are we to continue sucking them in, or are we to change our system and force our water from the Island to the mainland? This is the question more than that of tunnel or no tunnel. There must be a policy with regard to this and the citizens should have a meeting to discuss the matter, and at this meeting all those who know anything about it should be asked to state their experience. Mr. Edward Hanlan and many other Islanders of known experience who are thoroughly well aware of the results of suction as opposed to force, should speak. Mr. John R. Barber, one of the most prominent manufacturers in Canada and probably one of the best posted men with regard to water machinery and hydraulics, is prepared to demonstrate his theory of forcing the water through the pipe and should be asked to explain his methods. On behalf of Mr. Barber and guided by several engineers, I have tried

its teeth, or else must have a very large and influential voice in the framing of some new method of dealing with copyright. All the printers and publishers of Canada are being ruined by the present miserably inadequate provisions, and now that we have taken hold of the matter we will stay with it to the bitter end. If we cannot have regulations of our own we will have none, and with none the reformed pirates who are now the respectable publishers of the United States and the scalpers who are doing business with queer conditions in England, will probably meet their Waterloo. We have asked nothing that is unfair; we propose to accept nothing that is unjust. SATURDAY NIGHT is one of the few publications in America that endeavor never to infringe the copyright law. Its stories, its pictures and everything are purchased under the copyright law. Others have found methods of using matter that should be paid for, without recognizing this law, and we are not disposed to continue to do "legitimate" business under the present conditions. If we cannot have a law that will equalize the burden and if publishers are not protected who pay, then like the others we will cease paying. Personally I do not believe that the Berne convention is binding on Canada. No lawsuit has ever been won or even prosecuted to a finish under that convention, and if we are to become a nation of scalpers it is just as well for us to start in. As a matter of custom and

dull that no stranger will linger here from Saturday until Monday if he can get a train that will take him away. Is it not time the new hotel scheme was revived?

Considerable comment has been excited by the strictures made by the *Winnipeg Tribune* upon Principal Grant's letter with regard to Separate schools and the Manitoba situation in general. I must admit that my sympathies are with the *Winnipeg Tribune*. It has a knowledge of local conditions and all the circumstances connected with the passage of the law which has caused all this turmoil, that Principal Grant cannot be supposed to have. Rev. Principal Grant is a gentleman of very wide knowledge and is no doubt the superior of the *Winnipeg Tribune* editor in a theoretical grasp of educational questions, yet we must admit that theorists and travelers are apt to make mistakes and to generalize in a way in which they would not particularize if they were residents of the locality concerned. There are few more popular orators in Canada than Rev. Principal Grant, yet I have heard him talk over the heads of his audience and fail to make himself understood. I imagine that the defect in his equipment was a lack of knowledge of the locality. Admitting that this is the defect in the matter and manner of Rev. Principal Grant's deliverance re Manitoba, how important it must be for all the other provinces of Canada to refrain from in-

games to make him noticeable. Surely we have a right to utter the prayer, God save us from any more Merciers or from any monuments that commemorate and emblazon achievements deserving rather of political purgatory than of being perpetuated in bronze or marble.

The newspapers tell us that Hon. Mr. Laurier has been thanking God that there is not an Orangeman amongst the Liberals. This utterance was said to have been made at Chicomilco. Mr. Laurier is certainly losing his head or is feeling the lack of advisers like Mr. James Sutherland, M.P. of Oxford, who was thought to have infused more sense into the Liberal management than any man on that side of politics. If Mr. Laurier had carefully concealed his distaste of Orangemen he would by no means have been suspected of being one of them or of endorsing their methods, and as he is a past master in concealing his opinions in other matters of much more importance, it is strange that he went out of his way to insult so large a body of men. The Orangemen of Ontario and of the other provinces are by no means satisfied with the present Government, and might have voted for Mr. Laurier's candidates had he been more candid as a leader and had they defined their position as opponents of Separate schools in Manitoba. Now there is nothing left for a self-respecting Orangeman but to thank God that Mr. Laurier is not their leader and never can be. It is unfortunate that the lines of the coming campaign are being drawn by men who are educated to make public speeches of an inflammatory and unwholesome character. Possibly Mr. Laurier has felt that his Quebec hearers desired a little more cayenne pepper in his utterances. We can appreciate the difficulty that he must feel in talking around everything while avoiding an expression of opinion on matters of supreme importance. Yet is it possible to highly esteem a man who in this manner denounces a large section of the community after he has proven himself lacking in that courage which has so long demanded of him an expression of opinion on a principle? It is never clever to denounce people either as a nationality or a religious or political sect. Such denunciations bring upon the head of a leader the proper disapproval of men who hate to be classed together as unfit for the society of Grits. The Conservative party sometimes says nasty things about the Liberals which must recoil upon themselves, yet those who belong to the Liberal party are not so proud or so virtuous even in their own estimation that they feel flattered when a man like Mr. Laurier says there is not an Orangeman amongst them. Orangism may have made mistakes; it is a society which is at least an exponent of a great principle; it has attracted to its membership those who would like to see less pandering to the Church of Rome, and must necessarily number amongst its adherents many honest and capable men. If the mainspring of Orangism be bigotry, fanaticism, let it not be forgotten that its opponents have created this society by going to the other extreme and manifesting their own bigotry and fanaticism.

Mr. Laurier has made a great mistake if he is correctly reported, and if his further utterances are on the same line and the further conduct of Premier Bowell be on the line that he has laid down, it should not be at all surprising to the community if the Orangemen and pronounced Protestants of this country are forced to establish a party of their own to offset the balance of power now held by the French-Canadians. The Orangemen have been laughed at because they have always been the adherents of one party or the other; not always, as has been supposed, the adjunct of the Conservative party, for in the Maritime Provinces they have been directly the opposite. In the future they may so place themselves that they shall not be the football of either party nor, as French-Canadians have sometimes been, the scourge of a party, but may in justice and moderation exhibit a solid front which will prevent French Canada from being able to trade off our liberties and vote away our cash. There are many who are awaiting with impatience the time when this changed attitude of the Orange body will make it a more distinct influence in politics, and such words as those of Hon. Mr. Laurier it must be remembered are only intended to prevent this, for he evidently would be glad to see them continue to be nothing but a wing of the Tory organization.

Hon. J. C. Patterson, who has gone to Winnipeg as the Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, is personally one of the most popular men in Ontario. From an intimate connection with the people of the Prairie Province I have shared their prejudice in favor of a local man and think the Government made a great mistake in not appointing W. B. Scarth, who is intensely popular in the Conservative party and amongst the people of Winnipeg. However, the contest for the office was so keen amongst the men of Manitoba that it seemed wise to the Government to appoint an outsider, and as the official plum is going to someone not a Manitoban there is not the slightest doubt that Hon. J. C. Patterson is most deserving of the place. He is a man known to everybody as generous almost to a fault, urbane and tactful in his contact with the public, wise and strong in his bearing, and in every way suited to the well marked preferences of Western people. I venture to prophesy that at the end of his term he will be one of the most popular men in the Western country, ranking high in the hearts of the



THE MANDOLIN PLAYER.

to make the city understand this thing, and yet the theory has been entirely ignored, except when Engineer Keating reported adversely on the most puerile grounds. Surely we are not now going to rush to Engineer Keating, who has a right to be blamed for our disaster, in order to inaugurate with a rush a new system, when he has shown himself thoroughly incompetent to handle the old one. Let meetings be held and the methods of other cities explained before we dash into digging a hole in the ground which might provide us with no more safety than that we already fail to enjoy. The same carelessness which caused the upheaval of the pipe might tear out the bricks of a tunnel and entomb the whole conduit with the filth which lies many feet deep at the bottom of the bay and which would be above the tunnel.

Worst of all in the indictment against Engineer Keating is the fact that the conduit once before rose to the surface, a disaster which could have been prevented had there been an automatic bell in the pumping-well to warn the Engineer when water was out of the pipe and air was being sucked in. After some three years the same accident occurs, and still we find that the whole affair was caused by the continued absence of a ten-dollar appliance. Let Mr. Keating sit up on his stool and explain why he has drawn his salary without doing some thinking for the citizens!

Copyright is not a subject interesting in a strictly selfish way to the Canadian public perhaps, but it is one of very great importance to the Canadian publisher. I doubt if one reader in fifty has followed the discussion of our rights in this matter, but we have to thank Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper for having stated at one of the Industrial Fair luncheons that he at least appreciates the gravity of the situation and is disposed to insist upon Canada having some status in the publishing business of the world. I think I can say without fear of contradiction that Canada either proposes to ignore the Berne convention—under which we are largely working—and to take the bit in

fair dealing many thousands of dollars have been paid to foreign artists, authors and publishers, but this will be paid no more if we are forced to declare war against the pin-headed people who are clamoring in Great Britain in order that we may be made the victims of the sharp-scented pirates of the United States.

The Fair is over and, as usual, it has been a great success. While we all prize the Industrial Exhibition there is always a feeling of relief when the two weeks of its continuance have expired and the weather has permitted the attendance which its attractiveness deserves. Three or four hundred thousand dollars must have been left in Toronto by the exhibitors and visitors, and though a share of this may come to the average Torontonian very indirectly, yet it comes. The habit that our country friends are learning of buying their supplies in this city has, I am told, grown to such an extent that the profits of our merchants are largely increasing every year. So far has the fame of the Fair spread that American guests are much more numerous than in former years, and, as we all know, their expenditures are exceedingly liberal. It may be the street railway, the hotels, the restaurants and others of that sort that get the greater share of the money just now, but as water finds its level so this money later on finds its place in the pockets of everyone concerned in the city's prosperity. Country places, too, feel the advantage, though still more indirectly, and the advantage to the farmer of seeing the best stock and the best implements and learning something of the best methods, is incalculable. With one accord all the towns and cities of Canada admit—and their admission is backed by that of American cities—that our Industrial Fair is the best managed thing of the sort in America, probably in the world. It is not strange that we are proud of it, and the only sad thought in connection with the whole matter is that Toronto, which is always attractive and which might always during the summer months be crowded with visitors, insists on legislating them out of the city limits by making our Sunday so unendurably

interfering in the affairs of that province when Principal Grant, a friendly critic and adviser, fails to reach the heart of the matter, though he has many times visited the Western provinces and is better informed than the average politician as to its necessities. If his utterances are not quite satisfactory and the methods he advises not suitable, surely men who are not educationalists at all, men who have never seen Manitoba, men who have never felt the impulse which runs through the Western people, should mind their own business and let Manitoba alone.

Probably the same advice would apply to the people outside of Quebec who are denouncing the idea prevalent there of erecting a monument in honor of Count Honore Mercier. We know Hon. Mr. Mercier only by the unenviable reputation he achieved as probably the most unblushing and flagrant boodler that this country has ever known. If monuments are to be erected to such men, let Quebec follow her own system and honor those who are the product or exponents of her methods. Instances are not lacking in which other provinces have honored men whose political morality was not much better than that of Mr. Mercier. It would almost seem as if many politicians throughout Canada were living lives not much more lofty and were pursuing ideals almost as degraded as those which marked the brief and eccentric career of the man whom the Pope was pleased to honor. It is quite probable that the people of Quebec think that the Pope's judgment ought to be good enough for them, yet if they build a monument to this daring despoiler of the public treasury they will only accentuate the mistake made by the head of the Catholic church and in cold blood endorse methods which, while admittedly prevalent in Canada, will always be held as disgraceful so long as a particle of political morality lasts. Such a monument would teach those who are preparing for political life that honor and sincerity are never recognized in those who are failures, while dishonest and flamboyant demagoguery will be honored and monumentalized if the political gambler only wins enough

people with Hugh John Macdonald, Isaac Campbell and that prince of good fellows, Lieut.-Governor Mackintosh of the North-West Territories.

Mr. J. T. Johnston, whose suit against the Consumers' Gas Company, undertaken on behalf of the citizens, has been so successful, deserves the thanks of everyone who has been made the victim of over-charges. As nearly every citizen of Toronto has suffered, nearly everyone has reason to be grateful. There are too few men like Mr. Johnston—men who are willing to undertake a crusade against a powerful corporation rather than peacefully submit to injustice, imposition and indignities. The Consumers' Gas Company have too long considered themselves masters of the situation. Now their rates must be lowered and the citizens considered, or they will have more lawsuits than it will pay them to attend to. It would be a graceful thing for those who have long been afflicted by too much Consumers' Gas Company to give Mr. Johnston a dinner and, while congratulating him and talking the matter over, to formulate a scheme to prevent any further violation of the agreement entered into with the people of Toronto by the Consumers' Gas Company when they started business.

The address of Dr. Parkin, the new principal of Upper Canada College, delivered at the dinner tendered him by the National Club a week ago Thursday night, was the finest deliverance with regard to the higher education of boys that I have ever heard. For some reason he was but scantily reported by the daily newspapers, though he had an audience that was influential enough to have demanded full recognition for his able effort. It is not pleasant to notice that a murder trial or some sensational episode seems of greater importance to the editors of papers than the speech of a man whose conspicuous ability has been recognized in all parts of the British empire. However, we must be thankful for the space that was given him, and still more grateful to the National Club for having made the speech a possibility. The National Club more than once has demonstrated the fact that it has not forgotten its mission, and never, I imagine, has it done a more popular thing than in making Dr. Parkin its guest. When in SATURDAY NIGHT I undertook the difficult and thankless task of saying that Upper Canada College needed reorganization, not one of the daily papers echoed the cry for better management and for better men. One at least conspicuously opposed the movement. The change came, however, and I am told by some of the parents who have been up at the College entering their boys as pupils that there is really a marvelous change in the sentiment and impulse of the place. I am quite sure that the school is entering a new era and that its popularity will be equal to if not greater than during any period of its past. There is no reason why a great Boys' School should not be established in Toronto. If the whole English-speaking world had been searched for the best man to take charge of it, no one could have been found more suitable than Dr. Parkin. Perhaps it is not the wisest course to anticipate too much or to dwell too effusively upon the new principal, yet what I have expressed is what all the friends of the institution feel, and its opening days justify the feeling. Moreover, with due justice to Hon. Mr. Ross, Minister of Education, let it not be forgotten that his share in reorganization and his eloquent voice in recommending Dr. Parkin to the confidence of the public are significant enough to prove that the institution while separated from the Government is not out of sympathy with it.

Money Matters.

The work of completing the new Hamilton Iron and Steel Company's establishment is being actively prosecuted and within three months it is expected that operations will be commenced. I regard this as one of the most important industries that has been undertaken in Ontario for a decade. If it fulfils the promises of success made in its behalf it will quicken many lines of industry in this province and do more to develop this part of Canada than the establishment of any other industry could do. The new works will have a capacity of 200 tons per day of pig iron produced from native ore. Mining and railway interests will profit largely if the new venture is a success.

Dullness which sometimes settles on stocks from no special cause seems to be the chief characteristic of the markets just now. There is hardly anything doing and a weakness is apparent in nearly all the stocks. I do not think this will last long. A new buying wave will be due shortly.

Commercial Cable stock has gone down to 165 from 167 last week. This is not much of a decline considering the slump in other stocks. I recommend purchase at along these figures. This stock is heading for very much higher prices and will prove itself a money-maker for those who accumulate stock now. It may not rise right away, but by the turn of the year a good deal higher figure may be expected.

Toronto Railway will, in my opinion, do to buy on any decline. It will show fair profits to buyers and afford numerous opportunities for getting in and out. I think if it could be got at, say, 33, it ought to be bought.

Bell Telephone is keeping steady around 159. The talk of competition, so industriously circulated some time ago, has died out. I am inclined to be friendly to this stock. Considering everything it ought to do a few points better. C. P. R. is coming to be more favorably regarded on account of the certainty of heavy traffic receipts for the next eight or nine months and the prospect of a better demand for land, of which the company is a large holder. The improvement in the affairs of the company comes from the far West. Manitoba and the Territories have garnered large crops of wheat, peas, oats, barley and flax; the ranchers are sending out cattle and other live stock as they have never done before, and the trade revival in British Columbia, arising from the great boom in mining, is also contributing increasingly to railway traffic. While I do not see much prospect of the company declaring the old dividend on the common stock, I am free to admit that the affairs of the corporation have vastly improved in the past three months, and that some dividend may be forthcoming at the end of the next half-year.

Rising in His Profession.

Washington Star.
"He is a rising young author."
"Yes," was the reply.
"Every time I go to see him I find he has economized by moving one story higher."

Social and Personal.

Mr. S. Squire Sprigge, Mr. John Ross and Dr. Richard Sisley have arrived from London, Eng., and are staying at the Queen's Hotel, the object of their visit being the marriage of Mr. Sprigge to Miss M. A. B. Moss, which will take place on Monday afternoon next at St. James' cathedral. Miss Moss is the second daughter of Mr. Charles Moss, Q.C., and Mr. Sprigge, the eldest son of the late Mr. Squire Sprigge of Watton, Eng., is sub-editor of *The Lancet*, the leading English medical paper, and was for many years private secretary to Sir Russell Reynolds, president of the Royal College of Physicians of London.

Mrs. Crawford Scadding of 311 Sherbourne street will be at home on Monday, September 30, and Tuesday and Wednesday, October 1 and 2.

Dr. and Miss Capon have returned from their European and Continental trip.

Mrs. W. J. McFarland and Miss McFarland of Markdale passed through the city this week on their return from their Continental trip.

Mrs. Fred Rose and daughter have returned after a pleasant trip to Calgary and Banff.

Mrs. Benjamin Johnston of New York is visiting Mrs. P. Jamieson of Ellangowan, Rosedale.

Miss Gendron, who has been visiting friends in Montreal for six weeks, has returned and will be at home on the first and third Thursdays in the month.

Miss Emma Patterson of Pembroke, who has been staying with Miss Smallpiece of Avenue road for the past couple of weeks, has returned home.

Mrs. T. J. MacIntyre of Bloor street and her sister, Miss Maud Stevenson of Guelph, have taken their wheels with them to Rochester and are spending a couple of weeks there with their sister, Mrs. Wallace C. Harrington.

Mrs. Beardmore of Chudleigh gave a dinner for Mr. and Mrs. Duncombe on Tuesday evening. Mr. and Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy, Mrs. J. and Miss Cawthra, Mr. Bridgman Simpson, Miss Lindsay, Mr. G. H. Aymler Brooke and Capt. Sears being asked to meet them.

Capt. Sears, who was so popular whilst at the Fort, is Major Foster's guest for a few days.

The gentlemen of 32 John street have issued cards for an informal hop on Thursday evening at 15 Peter street. The lady patronesses are Mrs. Zimmerman, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Higgins and Miss Denzil.

The season at Ellmere House has been a very pleasant one, and many are loth to leave their island home, but the cool winds of autumn may be looked for soon, and we are not all so defiant of them as that hale and cheery Islander, Captain Armstrong, who is usually the first to settle on the island in the spring and the last to quit it in the fall.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Gibson are to winter at Mrs. Mason's, Spadina road. They have leased their residence on St. Joseph street to Mr. and Mrs. Greenhields from Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Gooderham of Maplecroft and the Misses Gooderham are home from the seaside. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gooderham and family have also returned from their summer holiday.

Mr. and Mrs. Street Macklem, Mrs. Becher and Miss Macklem went over to the wedding of Miss Maud Macklem at Chippawa this week.

The engagement of Mr. George Minty and Miss Weatherston, daughter of Mr. Weatherston of the Intercolonial, is one of the Winnipeg scraps of news that will interest Torontonians.

Sir Frank Smith is looking very well, and is one of the bright and interested visitors at this year's Exhibition.

Mr. S. G. Barker of Montreal is visiting his Toronto relatives.

Manager McIntosh, M. B. of C. Chatham, was in town on Wednesday en route from New York.

The street car service on Avenue road is a very great boon to Friday visitors who are not fortunate enough to be independent of the trolleys. Some very charming hostesses will now be able to welcome their friends much more frequently in that locality.

Miss Mab Moss's wedding will take place at St. James' next Monday, and will be followed by a reception at the family residence on Jarvis street.

A great many people have reverently entered the widely flung portals of St. James' parish church, familiarly known as St. James' cathedral, during the last fifteen days. "Does one pay?" asked a smart-looking man from the States. "Nothing but respect to the house of God. Take off your hat," rejoined the vergier, and the stranger seemed to wilt in a moment, doffed his hat, and with no trace of his former aggressiveness set out on the tour of the aisles. There is one feature in St. James' which has a special interest for Toronto's own people, who have lived in the best circles for even a score of years. This is the succession of monumental tablets and memorial windows which one sees in a walk around the aisles and which suggest many regretful memories of the men and women of whose death they are constant reminders. Mrs. Chadwick, Mrs. Kerr and Mrs. Hodgins each have their circle of loving friends, who often give them retrospective thoughts. The beautiful Nordheimer memorial font, which has been admired by every visitor, arouses in those who know its *raison d'être* the truest sympathy for the master and lovely mistress of Glenedyth. Soldiers and soldiers' wives and daughters glance with regret at the tablets placed on the west wall to the son of Atherly, Ensigns Browrigg and Akers, and Captain Gamble of Pinehurst, whose death in a far-off land was so sad and so glorious. The

At Home and Abroad.



Pa.—Say, Maria, it's time to quit this bathing business; the water's too cold to suit me.
Ma.—There's no pleasing you men. You're always complaining of being in hot water at home!

(Copyrighted.)

"fighting Denisons," as a newspaper scribe calls them, have their corner, where Colonel George, father of the P. M. and the M. P., has a tablet erected to his memory. And just at the entrance portal is Chancellor Vankoughnet's brass, with coat-of-arms in white and black enamel and grand motto *Virtus Sola Nobilitat*. Others there are, brave men and sweet women, whose lives were not ended in their good influences when they were tenderly laid away, and the sweet memory of whom is one of the charms of St. James' cathedral.

I hear a tremendous story of a Toronto parson who has developed very giddy and flirtatious tendencies at a seaside resort. One very pretty American, in whom his reverence tried to take a more than fatherly interest, set upon him tooth and nail, slapped his consecrated ears and pulled his holy hairs. Her decided action will no doubt have a good result. I believe the parson's board bill at the hotel was not of large dimensions after the occurrence; in fact, his exit was both prompt and speedy.

Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell and their family will be home from Muskoka next week. Mr. Caldwell is the occupant of that fine Rosedale residence built by Mr. Darling opposite Sylvan Towers.

Miss Augusta Robinson, after a few days in town and at Niagara, has gone to Muskoka.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Seiden of 56 Carr street will be at home to their friends on Thursdays after September 1.

Mrs. Salisbury of Smith's Falls is the guest of Mrs. R. J. Salisbury, 194 Bleecker street.

Miss Florence Rousseau of Hamilton is visiting Miss Scanlon of Bloor street west.

Miss Marcella Mackay of Close avenue and Miss Mabel Marter of Elm Grove, Parkdale, have returned home from Muskoka, where they have been spending the last eight weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Beverley Robinson and Miss Mary Robinson have come back to town. I hear an *on dit* regarding the latter dainty little lady which will, if confirmed, set loose an avalanche of congratulations on her pretty head.

Mr. Bucke, private secretary to Hon. Mr. Ives of Ottawa, was for a few days last week the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Bourlier. The *savoir faire* and gentle courtesy which make the fortune of members of the diplomatic circle are beautifully evident in Mr. Bucke, who made quite a conquest of those Toronto people he met during his short visit. On Friday Mrs. Bourlier gave a delightful informal evening to a few friends, all of whom are lovers of music and who much enjoyed Miss Connie Hodgkin's singing and the artistic playing of Mrs. Austin and Mr. Harry Bourlier.

A large court of the Independent Order of Foresters was organized in Albany, Oregon, last week by Mr. William Sanderson, M.A., D.S.C.R., of Toronto.

Mrs. Beverley Milner will receive on Tuesday and Wednesday, September 24 and 25 at 699 Spadina avenue.

Count D'Ivry and Mr. J. P. Mackay of Montreal are the guests of Mrs. Isaac C. Gilmer, Jarvis street, for a few days.

Mr. Tripp is home from his summer at Jackson's Point, and is forming his classes for the winter. Mr. Tripp's Tuesdays in the pretty studio on the corner of Yonge and College streets are a pleasant little musical treat to many nice people during the season.

At half past ten on Wednesday St. Luke's church held a smart assembly to witness the nuptials of Miss Lily Nunn, daughter of Mr. W. C. Nunn of 21 Howland avenue, to Mr. Wilfred D. Thompson of the Dominion Bank, Oshawa. Rev. Canon Oler of York Mills, assisted by Rev. Dr. Mockridge, officiated. Miss Nunn's bridal gown was of white *faille* with pearl trimmings. The bouquet was of white roses and maidenhair fern. She was attended by a couple of maids, Miss Hattie, her sister, and Miss Florrie Anderson of Ottawa, who wore white gowns and large picture hats of chip with *cerise* trimmings, and carried bouquets of white roses tied with cherry colored ribbons. Mr. W. S. Thompson was best man, and the ushers were Mr. H. P. Thompson and Mr. Herbert C. Nunn of Winnipeg. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson went to New York and other Eastern cities for their honeymoon, by the midday train. Among the wedding guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Jaffray and

Mrs. Donaldson of St. Paul, Mr. and Miss Oler of York Mills, Miss Barron of Lindsay, and Mr. and Mrs. Anderson of Toronto.

Mrs. and Miss Minnie Irwin, who have been visiting Mrs. Sullivan of College street, left last week for their home in New Orleans.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Herbert Mason have returned from England and are at the Arlington, where I hear they will probably remain for the winter, as Mrs. Mason is not yet equal to the demands made on the mistress of so popular a home as Ermeleigh. Master Douglas went this week to Bishop Ridley school. Miss Amy Mason is visiting Miss Monck in the country.

Mr. Peter McGill, Chief Deputy Collector Internal Revenue, Milwaukee, was in town for a few days this week visiting friends.

Miss Marie Hughes, daughter of Mr. B. B. Hughes, has received the degree of L.L.A. from St. Andrew's University, Scotland. Miss Hughes is the first Canadian thus honored and it is owing to her energy that Toronto becomes an examination center for this ancient seat of learning.

Mr. B. Morton Jones, who a few months ago entered a law partnership at Ottawa and Kemptville and removed to the latter place, spent a few days visiting his family here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. James have returned from a five weeks' sojourn at Northcote, their summer residence at Woodstock. The Misses James are with a party from New York having a charming tour in the East.

Mr. Paddy Caron has returned from a holiday down at the sea. I hear Mr. Caron will go to Europe this fall for a sojourn of several months.

Alderman Hallam has purchased Paul Peel's picture of the Bay of Biscay Fisherfolk at the Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Meisburgher of Buffalo have been visiting Mrs. Walter Stewart. Mrs. Meisburgher (*nee* Watt of Niagara) is as pretty and piquante a little matron as she was a girl.

Mrs. Walter Blackburn of London is visiting Mrs. G. Allan Case.

Mr. Peter G. McArthur, editor of New York *Truth*, and Miss Mabel C. Waters of Niagara-on-the-Lake were married on Wednesday at four o'clock by Rev. Mr. Garratt, in Old St. Mark's. Miss Waters wore a lovely gown of white silk, with veil and orange wreath. She was led to the altar and given away by her brother, Mr. C. Waters of St. Thomas. Miss Clara Waters was maid of honor, and Miss Ethel Reid of St. Kitts bridemaid. Mr. Duncan McKellar of New York was best man. The ushers were Messrs. Reid and Best. The church was filled with friends and was beautifully decorated with marguerites and smilax. A reception was held at the home of the bride's parents and a *dejeuner* served, after which Mr. and Mrs. McArthur left for New York at seven o'clock. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. C. Waters and Miss Furlong of St. Thomas, Mrs. James Smith of Chicago, Mrs. Swift and Mrs. Baker of Buffalo, Mr. Alexander Smith of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. McArthur of London, Mr. Ed. and Miss Reid of St. Catharines, Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Best, Mr. Garratt, Misses Margaret and Belle Blain of St. Catharines, Miss Fitzsette, Mrs. Hergnan of Chicago, and Miss L. Manifold.

Mr. and Mrs. Beau Jarvis have removed to No. 436 Jarvis street, the house lately occupied by Lady Robinson.

The change of base effected by Professors Fletcher and Dale has rather a puss-in-the-corner look. The new professor of Toronto University is in his place this week.

Captain D. M. Robertson is home, after a delightful trip to the west coast.

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International Tennis Tournament begins Tuesday, August 27. A Tennis Collation, Queen's Royal Mince Pie, a Concert, a Clam Bake, an Illuminated Procession of Boats are among the festivities of Tournament week.
International Golf Tournament Sept. 18, 19, 20, 21. Send for particulars. H. WINNETT.

Mr. J. C. Monday, From the Miss A. on Saturday Miss B. York. Miss B. Saturday. Thanks Hunter, Stewart golf tournament last week immensel a long of those who and the

Social and Personal.

Lady Thompson and her family returned to Derwent Lodge this week, after an absence of several months.

Mrs. Wm. Mackenzie has been spending some time with relatives at Lindsay and Surgeon Lake. Mrs. P. H. Drayton spent a short time with her, on *villageteur*, last week. The Misses Mackenzie did not return with Mr. Mackenzie from England.

Mr. and Mrs. Farncombe have been visiting friends in town. Mrs. Farncombe (*nee* Kirkpatrick) has been welcome in her old circle, who have given some informal affairs to enable her to see as many of her friends as possible. A tea at Sylvan Towers this afternoon to a few friends is to be such an occasion.

Mrs. Wellington Wallace is visiting in the country.

Friends in town have received invitations to the marriage of Miss Blanche E. Washburne to Mr. Thomas Henry Oswald, on Tuesday evening, September 17.

Mr. Foote, of the *Quebec Chronicle*, a hand some and hearty Eastern journalist, paid a visit to Toronto this week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Hines will be at home on Monday and Tuesday, September 16 and 17, from four to ten o'clock, at 18 Montague place.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Jones, who have been away all summer in Europe, are returning home to North street immediately.

Mr. C. H. Gooderham, Mr. George Carruthers and others have gone for a short season's shooting.

Miss Coleman, who has been visiting for some time in Toronto and vicinity, went home to San Francisco last month. Miss Coleman is a daughter of Senator Coleman, one of California's leading men.

Mrs. Bacher of Sylvan Towers spent a few days in Niagara this week.

Mrs. Edward Hebban and family, of 51 Elm avenue, return immediately from their summer residence to town.

The social event of the week in Port Dover took place on Tuesday, September 3, at 6 p.m., in the Methodist church, which was crowded to the doors to witness the marriage of Miss Laura Ellis, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Ellis, to Mr. Harry D. Petrie of Simcoe, by Rev. C. T. Bennett, B.A., pastor of the church, assisted by Revs. Saunders and Cookman, former pastors. The bride was charmingly gowned in ivory white satin, *en train*, trimmed with orange blossoms, the veil being of embroidered brussels net caught up with orange blossoms; bouquet of white china asters and roses. Miss Ellis, as maid of honor, was gowned in white Shanghai silk trimmed with cut pearls; bouquet of cream roses and china asters. Miss Grace Brandon, first bridesmaid, wore cream satin-cashmere trimmed with cream silk honey-comb lace and Trilby bows; bouquet of pink roses and asters. Miss Nellie Petrie of Simcoe, sister of the groom, acted as second bridesmaid, her gown being of cream cashmere trimmed with silk and point lace; bouquet of cream roses and asters. The bridesmaids' head-dresses consisted of white satin ribbon and wild roses. Messrs. Hugh P. and Robt. Innes of Simcoe and Mr. C. Ellis were groomsmen. The ushers were Messrs. Robt. Innes of Simcoe, Charles and Robt. Ellis and Jack Brandon of Ancaster. The groom's gifts to the bridesmaids were stick-pins set with pearls. After the ceremony the guests were driven to Holm-firth, the handsome residence of the bride's parents on Silver Lake, where a most sumptuous repast was served to about seventy-five guests. The bride was the recipient of many beautiful and handsome presents. If the old adage "happy is the bride the sun shines on" is correct, Mrs. Petrie should be happy indeed, as the day was an ideal September day, warm, sunny and bright. About 11.30 p.m. the happy couple, amid showers of rice and a multitude of good wishes, took the train for Montreal and elsewhere, their tour extending over a couple of weeks.

Miss Belle Stewart of Bobcaygeon is visiting Mrs. J. J. Dixon of Wellesley street. Mrs. J. P. Young of Howard street gave an At Home on Tuesday for Miss Stewart, whose friends are glad to welcome her. Quite a number of Bobcaygeon people have been down for the exhibition.

Mrs. and the Misses Strathy have closed their Niagara cottage and returned to Toronto this week.

A yachting party goes over on the *Cruiser* this afternoon to Fort Niagara, on the invitation of Colonel and Mrs. Smith. I believe the affair on the *tapis* is a card party for this evening. Mrs. Smith visited the Exhibition twice this week with friends.

Master Sherwood Hodgins, eldest son of Mr. Hodgins of Clonewood, left this day week for England, having been fortunate enough to receive one of the nominations to a naval cadetship. He will doubtless be successful in passing the necessary examinations, and should he do so will make one of the handsomest embryo middies in the "Queen's navy."

Niagara-on-the-Lake

Mr. J. Geale Dickson left for Rye Beach on Monday, where he will spend a week or two. From there he will go on to Muskoka.

Miss Annie Paffard returned to New York on Saturday.

Miss Mary Hewgill has returned to New York.

Miss Bessie Dickson left for Muskoka last Saturday.

Thanks to the untiring energy of Mr. Charles Hunter, Capt. Dickson, Mr. Scott Griffin, Mr. Stewart Houston, and one or two others, the golf tournament which began on Thursday of last week on Niagara's very pretty links was immensely successful. The entry list was a long one, the weather was exquisite, and those who remembered last year's storms and the failure the tournament was in



Coats, Capes and Prices

THE beauty of style and reliability of material will convince anyone of our leadership in mantle stocks this season. And a good deal of inducement will also come from prices.

Black Serge Reeler Jacket, velvet collar, stitched lapels, \$8.
Black Serge Reeler, velvet collar, bound edge, \$5.
Black Serge Reeler, Astrachan collar and edge, \$6.75.
Black, Brown, Blue, Heavy Beaver Cloth Reeler, \$6.50.
Tight-fitting Black Serge, braided back, front, collar and cuffs, \$7.50.
Heavy Black Beaver Reeler, velvet collar, bound, \$8.
Black Serge, Chesterfield style, satin lapel and faced, \$10.

Over 1,750 Jackets in Serge, Beavers, Carls, Chinchilla, Covert Cloth, in price from \$3.50 to \$20.
Golf Capes, in nobby tweeds and plain cloths, brown, gray, blue, fawn, \$4.50, \$5.50, \$6, up to \$15.
The newest garment out, the Havelock, with detachable cape, in reversible tweed, serge, covert cloth, chinchilla, etc., \$7.50, \$8.50, \$9.50, up to \$20.
Black, Fawn, Brown, Blue, Gray Capes, heaped up in all the latest styles from Berlin and Paris, \$3, \$3.25, \$3.50, \$4.50, \$5, up to \$55.
Reversible Chinchilla Cloth Reeler, blue, brown and fawn, \$10.

DURING RE-BUILDING R. SIMPSON 84, 86, 88, 90 YONGE ST. TORONTO



consequence, appreciated the turn of fortune's wheel—and both the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack were unusually well represented. Some remarkably good golf was witnessed and fully appreciated by the gay crowd of fashionables who silently and breathlessly followed as closely as possible behind the players. The length of the course, the rough common, the moats and ravines, even the steep ramparts of Fort Mississauga and the ploughed fields around Fort George were uncomplainingly taken as they came, so that every stroke might be watched. The matches from Thursday to Saturday were all worth following, but they sank into insignificance before the finals for the championship between Mr. Smith of Toronto and Chicago's famous crack, Mr. Macdonald. Except during the races or a sham battle when the militia have been in camp, the old commons have never been covered by such a crowd as crossed it on Saturday, nothing daunted by the thunder and lightning which threatened ominously but finally passed over the lake. And, strange to say, it was a silent crowd, for the golfing rules make it a breach of etiquette for anyone to speak above a whisper during a match. The interest, however, was intense, for rarely have any two played such a strangely even game. Seventeen out of the eighteen holes were halved. Between the last two Mr. Smith played one ball into a field and another over the bank, two unfortunate strokes which lost him the match by only one stroke. Mr. Macdonald, consequently, won the trophy. The contest for the ladies' championship was another breathless one. Miss White of Quebec and Miss Small of Toronto brought with them a sufficiently good record to be alarming opponents on any links, while the announcement that Mrs. Hobart Chatfield Taylor of Chicago had

entered was received with the general conviction that she would assuredly add one more to her long list of victories. Mrs. Irving Cameron of Toronto, Miss Louise Worthington and Miss Madeline Geale of the Niagara Club also entered. Of the six, the two who were left in the finals were: Mrs. Taylor and Miss Geale, who played so evenly that up to the last it was either's match. Mrs. Taylor, however, got into one or two unfortunate hazards and lost by six strokes, the score being sixty-five and seventy-one for the nine holes. Mrs. Taylor played a very pretty game, but far prettier than the game was the player. She is exceedingly handsome, tall and graceful, with a charming face, pretty light-brown hair and a warm, soft, nut-brown complexion. And her manner is as frank and charming as her face. During her short stay at the Queen's she made many friends and admirers.

St. Mark's church was crowded to the very doors on Wednesday afternoon of last week, when Miss Florence Geale Dickson, eldest daughter of Mr. J. Geale Dickson, was married to Mr. Edmund Wyllie Grier, one of Toronto's best known artists. Long before two o'clock the church was full, and when the bridal party arrived there was barely standing room anywhere. And beautiful indeed the young bride looked in her exquisite gown of white brocade satin, over which hung in soft light folds the customary veil of tulle, fastened with orange blossoms. Her bridesmaids were her sister, Miss Bessie Dickson, and her cousin, Miss Evelyn Dickson, both of whom were charmingly pretty in gowns of white over mauve, with large white hats of chiffon and ostrich plumes. The groomsmen were Capt. Laurie and Mr. E. Cronyn. Two tiny little maids—the sweet little fair-haired children of Mrs. Melfort Boulton—in white and mauve, and large picture

An Athlete.



He—There goes that Strapper girl. They say she's athletic. She don't look like it. She—No! Well, she threw over three men this summer.

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...AND NO TWO DRESSES ALIKE...

"Thistle" Haddies



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hats of white chiffon, closely followed the bride. After the ceremony a reception was held at Mr. Dickson's very pretty little cottage, Ichabod, where Webb served a most delicious *dejeuner*.

For going away the bride wore a very pretty gown of golden brown cloth, and one hardly knew which she looked fairest in—the brown which blended so beautifully with her rich waves of auburn hair and matched so well the color of her lovely eyes, or the white bridal robes and veil which idealized a face nature had already made so beautiful. GALATEA.

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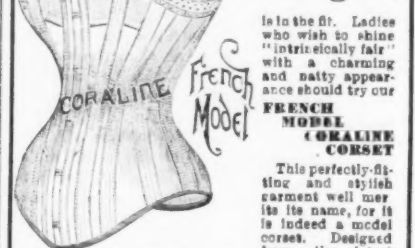
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38 in. " "	\$6.50
40 in. " "	\$7.00
42 in. " "	\$7.50
44 in. " "	\$8.00
46 in. " "	\$8.50
48 in. " "	\$9.00
50 in. " "	\$9.50
52 in. " "	\$10.00
54 in. " "	\$10.50
56 in. " "	\$11.00
58 in. " "	\$11.50
60 in. " "	\$12.00
62 in. " "	\$12.50
64 in. " "	\$13.00
66 in. " "	\$13.50
68 in. " "	\$14.00
70 in. " "	\$14.50
72 in. " "	\$15.00
74 in. " "	\$15.50
76 in. " "	\$16.00
78 in. " "	\$16.50
80 in. " "	\$17.00
82 in. " "	\$17.50
84 in. " "	\$18.00
86 in. " "	\$18.50
88 in. " "	\$19.00
90 in. " "	\$19.50
92 in. " "	\$20.00
94 in. " "	\$20.50
96 in. " "	\$21.00
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CHAPTER L.

"How goodness heightens beauty."

"O what a Christmas Day," cries Betty, springing out of bed and rushing to the window.

"You will catch your death of cold," says Susan sleepily; but in spite of this protest, or rather in spite of it, she too jumps out of her cosy nest and hurries to the window.

"Oh, what a morning!" breathes she. And indeed the world seems all afire to-day. The sun is glittering upon the snow, and the snow is casting back at it lights scarcely less brilliant. All the trees and shrubs are gaily decked with snowy wraps and armlets, whilst here and there through the universal white, big branches of holly berries, scarlet as blood, peep out.

"Ouf! Yes. But it's cold," says Betty, after a moment or two.

"I told you you would catch cold," says Susan, turning upon her indignantly, though in reality she stands quite as big a chance of meeting the dread foe as Betty.

"I'll catch you instead!" cries Betty, with full intent. Whereon ensues a combat that might have given the gods pause. A most spirited hunt! that takes them around and around the small bedroom a dozen times or more. It is a regular chase. Over the bed, and past the wardrobe, and behind the dressing-table—it was a near shave for Susan that last, and full of complication—but she gets out of it with the loss of only one small china ornament. The very least concession that could be made to the god of Battle.

And now away again! Over the bed once ore, and around a chair, deftly directed at the enemy's toes—and . . . After all the very bravest of us can sometimes know defeat, and Susan is at last run to earth between a basket chair and a trunk.

After this they condescend to dress—both a little exhausted, and Betty, I regret to say, jibbing at her bath.

"If it was hot I'd say nothing," says she. "When I'm married I'll have a hot bath in December."

"Who'd marry you!" says Susan, and then, like the immortal parrot, is sorry that she spoke. Showers of icy water descend upon her!

But now breakfast is ready, and they must hasten down, with a last look out of their favorite window at the golden coloring there.

"I suppose it's almost warm where Bonnie is," says Betty, after a slight pause. "I hope so. Yes, I think so." There is, however, doubt in Susan's tone. It seems impossible to believe any place warm with that snow-burdened garden outside.

"It must be warm," says Betty. "Bonnie could not stand cold like this, and the last accounts were not bad—" this rather doubtfully.

"No. But—" Susan's face, that had been glowing, now loses something of its warmth: "Not good either. Still, . . . Betty—" She looks at her sister, "don't you think Mr. Crosby is a man one might depend upon?"

"Oh, I do. I do, indeed," says Betty. "He," earnestly, and with a view to please Susan, "is as good as anyone might depend upon him."

"Ugly! He certainly is not ugly," says Susan. "I must say, Betty, I think sometimes you make the most foolish remarks."

"Well, I'll say he's handsome, if you like," says Betty, slightly affronted. "Anyway he has been very good to Bonnie. I suppose that's what makes him handsome in your eyes. And he has been kind too. Could anyone be kinder? And sometimes, Susan, I feel that I love him just as much as you do."

"Oh, I don't love him," says Susan, flushing. "No? Is it gratitude, then? Well, whatever it is you feel, Susan, I feel just the same—because he has been so kind to poor Bonnie."

Susan turns away without replying. And then, "We must go down," says she.

"Well, come," says Betty, a little urgently. "I'm sure I have only been waiting for you, Susan. I wonder what Christmas cards we shall get."

"One from Dom anyway." Mr. Fitzgerald had been summoned home by his guardian for Christmas, much to his disgust.

"Oh, that! But Dom doesn't count!" says Betty, tilting her pretty nose in rather a disdainful fashion.

Breakfast is nearly over, however, before the post arrives. The postman of Curraghcloyne has had many delays to-day. At every house every resident has given him his "Christmas Box," and sometimes a "stirrup cup" besides, so that by the time he gets to the Rectory he is very considerably the worse for wear. Yet he gives out his letters there with the air of a finished postman, and accepts the Rectory annual five shillings with a bow that would not have disgraced Chesterfield. That his old caubien is on the side of his head, and his articulation somewhat indistinct, detracts in no wise from the dignity of the way in which he delivers his packages and bids Mr. Barry "All th' complaints o' t' season!"

"Oh, here's one from Dom," cries Betty, tearing open her post. "And written all on the back. What on earth has he got to say on a Christmas card? Why didn't he write a letter? My dear Betty, I feel as I write this that you don't know where you are. That shows the great moral difference between you and me. I know where I am, and I wish to heaven I didn't. Old uncle is awfully trying. Puts your back up half a dozen times a minute. I don't believe I'll ever get back; because if he doesn't murder me I shall infallibly murder him, and then where shall we all be? I've written most religiously all over this card (I chose a big one on purpose) so that you cannot, in the usual mean fashion peculiar to girls, send it on again to your dearest friend as a New Year's offering. See how well I know your little ways!"

"Isn't he a beast!" says Betty, with honest meaning. "And it would have done so nicely for old Miss Blake. You see she has sent me one, though I had quite forgotten all about her. I must say Dom is downright malignant. I suppose I'll have to buy her one now. All the rest of mine have 'Happy Christmas' on them, and it does look badly to send a card like that for New Year's Day. Dom's has both Christmas and New Year on it, and of course it would have suited beautifully. Oh, Susan, pouncing on a card in Susan's hand, 'what a beauty, and nothing written on the back. You will let me have it for Miss Blake, won't you?'"

"No, no," says Susan hastily. She takes it back quickly from Betty. A little sharp unwelcome blush has sprung into her cheeks. "Who is it from—James?"

"James! Are you mad?" says Susan. "Fancy my caring for a card from James. Why, here is his, and you can have it to make ducks and drakes of, if you like."

"But that then?" questions Betty, with some pardonable curiosity, pointing at the card denied her.

"It is from Mr. Crosby. Don't you think, Betty," the treacherous color growing deeper, "that one should treasure even a card sent by one who has been so good to Bonnie?"

"I do. I do indeed," says Betty earnestly. "And after all, one would treasure a card from most people. Even this," flicking Dom's somewhat contemptuously, "I'll have to treasure, as I can't send it away to anyone. Susan, I wonder if Ella has got any cards besides those we sent her? Shall we go to her this afternoon and ask her?"

"I don't suppose she can have got any," says Susan thoughtfully. "You know she keeps herself so aloof from the world. She had yours and mine certainly, and Carew's."

"Did Carew send her one?"

"Didn't you know?" Susan laughs a little. "I didn't think it was a secret. I went into his room yesterday, and saw an envelope directed to Ella, and said something about it, but I really quite thought he had told you too."

"Well, he didn't! After dinner, Susan, let us run down and see her, and show her our cards."

"Oh, no," says Susan, shrinking a little. "If she had none of her own, it might make her feel—feel lonely."

"That's true," says Betty.

CHAPTER LI.

"WHO WOULD TRUST SLIPPERY CHANCE?"

But after all, Ella has a card of her own, that is not from Susan, or Betty, or Carew! Some hours ago the post brought it to her, and she has gone out into the garden, that is now lovely in its white garments, with the red berries of the holly trees peeping through the snow—to read it, and look at it again.

The walks have been swept clear by Denis, who has come down from Dublin to spend a long (a very long) and happy Christmas week with his wife. A third person in Mrs. Denis's kitchen and private apartments might have questioned about the happiness, but that it is a lively week goes beyond all doubt.

With Ella's card a little line had come too. Mr. Wyndham was coming down by the afternoon train to see to something for Crosby, who had written to him from Carlsbad, and he hoped to call at the Cottage before his return. Ella reads and re-reads the little note. The afternoon train comes in at one o'clock. It is now after twelve. Soon he will be here! How kind he is to her! How good! And to remember that Christmas card! She had heard Susan and Betty talking of Christmas cards, and they had sent her one, each of them, and Carew had sent one too. They also were kind, so kind, but that Mr. Wyndham should remember her, with all his other friends to think of—

Alone in this dear garden, with no one to hear or see her, she gives way to her mood. Miss Manning has gone up to Dublin to spend her Christmas Day with an old friend, urged thereto by Ella, who, indeed, wished to be alone after her post had come. Now she can walk about here, and speak to her own heart without interruption. Mrs. Denis being engaged in that intellectual game called "words" with her husband. Oh, how happy she feels! How extraordinarily happy! She laughs aloud, and lifting her arms crosses them with lazy delight behind her head, and amongst the warm furs that encircle her neck. This action draws her head backwards—her eyes upwards—

Upwards! To the top of the wall on that far distant corner. There her eyes rest as if transfixed—and there grow frozen in this awful horror that has come to her. Where is the happiness now in the eyes—the young, glad joy?

She stands as if stricken into stone, staring into a face that is staring back at her. On the wall close to the old tree, from which she loves to look into the Rectory garden and wave a handkerchief to the children there to come to her, sits Moore, the man from whom she had fled; the man whom she dreads most of all things upon earth; the man who wanted to marry her!

Oh dear, dear Heaven, is all her good time ended! Such a little, little time, too—such a transient gleam of light! And all so black behind it. Like a flash her life spreads itself out before her. What a childhood! Unmothered, unbeloved! What a cold, terrible girlhood—and then a few short months of quiet rest and calm, and now again the old hideous misery.

It seems impossible for her to remove her eyes from those above her—to move in any way. Her brain grows at last confused, and only two words seem to be clear—to din themselves with a cruel persistency in her ears. "All is over! All is over!"

They have neither sense nor meaning to her in her present state, but still they go on repeating themselves. "All is over! All is over! All is over."

The man has caught a branch of the tree now, and with a certain activity, considering the squareness and the bulk of his body, has swung himself into it, and so on to the ground. He is coming towards her. The girl still stands immovable, as if rooted to the gravel walk; but her mind has returned to her. Alas! it brings no hope with it. This man, who has been a terror to her from her childhood, has now again come into the circle of her daily life. She draws back as he approaches her—her first movement since her frightened eyes met his—and holds up her hands, as a child might, to ward off mischief. This coming face to face with him is a horrible shock as well as an awakening. She had believed herself mistress of her fears of him, though her horror might still obtain, and now, now she knows that both her horror and her fear are still rampant.

"Well, I've found you at last," says the man, advancing across the grass. "And here I! There is something terrible in his tone and in the looks of scorn he casts at the pretty surroundings, beautiful always, though now wrapped in their snowy shrouds. "Four months ago I was here," says he, after a lengthened pause. "I was on your track then, but a mere chance put me off it. Four months ago I might have dragged you out of this sink of iniquity, had I but known."

Ella is silent. That day when she had run back from the Rectory and fancied she saw him turn the corner of the road. That fancy had been no delusion then! Ah! why had she played with it?

"Have you nothing to say?" asks he slowly, suddenly, gazing at her with hard, compelling eyes. "No excuse to make, or are you trying to get up a story? I tell you, girl, it will be useless. This speaks for itself." Again he looks around him, at the charming cottage, the tall trees, the dainty garden and winding walks.

"There is no story," says Ella at last. Her voice is dry and husky; she can hardly force the words between her lips.

"You lie!" says the man fiercely. "There is a story and a most — one for you." His eyes light with a sudden fury, and he looks for a moment as though he would willingly fall upon her and choke the life out of her slender body. His manner is distinctly brutal, but yet there is something about it that speaks of honesty. It is rough, cruel, hateful, but honest for all that. A certain belief in himself is uppermost.

He is a tall man, very strong in build, and with strong features too. His dress is that of the comfortable, half-educated artisan; but he shows some neatness in his attire. His shirt is immaculate, his hair well cut, and altogether he might suggest to the unimpassioned observer that he was a man who had dreamt many dreams of rising above the life to which he had been born. He is at all events not an ordinary man of any type, and distinctly one to be feared, if only for the enormous strength he had put forth to fight with his daily surroundings, and with his past (a more difficult enemy still) so as to gain a footing on the ladder that will raise him above his fellows.

The girl shrinks from him, frightened even more by the wild light in his eyes than by his words, and as she shrinks he advances, contempt mingled with menace in his eyes.

"You thought I should never find you," says he, with cruel slowness. "But mine you were from the beginning, and mine you are still."

Ella makes a faint and trembling protest. "Deny it," cries he. "Deny it if you can! You own mother left you to me. A mother who was ashamed to tell her real name. She left you—a wail, a stray, to my charity, and so, of my charity I brought you through my wife. You are mine, I tell you. Hah! Well you may hide your face. Child of infamy—now sunk in infamy!"

His strong, horrible face is working. The girl, as if petrified by fear, has fallen back into a garden chair, and is sitting there cowering, her face hidden in her shaking hands.

"So," continues the man in mocking accents, the very mockery of it betraying the intolerable love he had borne her in her sad past, a love now deadened, but still half-alive, and quick with revengeful wrath, "you ran away from me—not so much from hatred of me—but for love of him."

"Of him?" Ella lifts her haggard face at this.

"Ay, girl. Of him! The man who has dragged you down to this—who has brought you here to be a bird in his gilded cage. Dye think to blind me still? I've followed you, I tell you, step by step. You didn't reckon on my staying powers perhaps. But I had sworn



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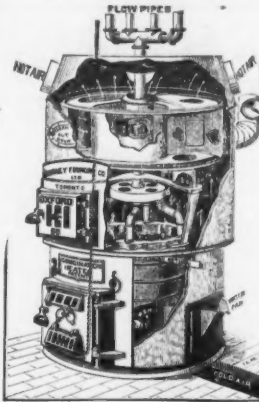
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by the heaven above me," lifting his hand—large and rough and powerful—to the sky—"that I would have you, dead or alive!" He pauses. "When you left me, I thought at first—that I had been too harsh to you. But I was wrong; such as you require harshness."

Again he grows silent. "You ran to him, then, because you loved him! Such as you love easily—has it occurred to you, however, to ask yourself how long he will love you?"

"I—someone must have been telling you strange things. All this is impossible," says the girl, pressing her hands against her beating heart. "No one loves me; no one."

"And you do not love anyone? Answer that," says Moore.

"No. No—except—" She hesitates miserably. She had thought of Susan—she had meant to declare her love for Susan as her sole love, but another form had suddenly risen between her and Susan, and she loses herself.

"Another lie," says Moore with a sneer. "Lies become fine ladies, and you seem to be making yourself into one in a hurry. But you'll find yourself out there"—(with all his care he sometimes drops into his earlier form of speech, and that "yourself" betrays him). "You're not built for a fine lady. You—you, furiously, 'who came out of the gutter! Yet I can see you have been doing the fine lady very considerably of late—so considerably that you can now lie—like the best of them. But," with a touch of absolute ferocity, "I tell you, your lies will be of little use to you with me. I've dropped on the truth of your story—and there shall be an end of it. To my dead wife your dear mother left you—and from my dead wife, you have come to me again. To me you belong—I am your guardian—you are bound by law to follow me."

Ella makes a terrified gesture, then sinks back upon her seat, pale and chilled to her heart's core.

"To follow you?" The words came from between her lips, whispered rather than uttered; but he hears them.

"Ay—to follow me. You shall not stay in this home of infamy another hour if I can prevent it. And prevent it I shall."

His rugged, disagreeable face, so full of strength, lights as he speaks these words of command.

"I cannot go," says the girl faintly. She puts out her hands again with that old childish movement, as if to ward off something hateful to her. There is so much aversion in this act that Moore's temper falls him.

"Hate me as much as you will. Still—come with me you shall!" says he. "Do you imagine—Here he takes a step towards her, and catching her by the wrist swings her to and fro with distinct brutality, then lets her go. "Do you think, having once found you, I shall let you go? No—though—" He makes a pause, and standing before her pours his words into her unwilling, nay, but half-understanding ears. "Though I so despise you that I would now consider my name dishonored if joined with yours even now when I know you not to be worth the picking up—still I will not let you go. You are mine, and with me you shall leave this old country and seek another. I start for Australia to-morrow week and you shall start with me. Together we shall seek that land."

"I cannot go," repeats Ella feebly. She looks magnetized. The old terror is full upon her, and it is but a dying effort to resist him that she now makes. "I—I—" She stops again, and then bursts out, "It would kill me, Oh!" holding out her hands wildly, "why do

you want me to go away? Why do you want me to leave this place? How—miserably—can I be of any help to you? Of any use? You know," in softest, most piteous accents, "that I hate you—why then take me with you? Why not let me stay here in peace?"

"In sin you mean," says Moore, his harsh voice now filled with a new virulence. "Make an end of this, girl—for come with me you shall. What, violently, 'you would not live with me, who would have honorably married you, but you would live with him, who will never marry you!'"

"I do not desire that he should marry me," says the girl, drawing herself up. Even in this terrible moment, when all her senses feel dulled—a look of pride grows upon her beautiful face. "And he does not live here."

"Enough of that," gruffly. "You have told lies sufficient for one morning. Get up, and come with me."

"Come with you?"

"Ay—and at once!"

"But," she has risen, as if in strange unreasoning obedience to his command, being fully beneath the spell, born of her horror and fear of him—"but—I must have time—to write—to leave a word. He has been so kind—so kind. Give me—" her face is deadly white now, her tone anguished, "only one moment to go in and write a line of good-bye to him."

"Not one!" says Moore sternly. "I shall not even wait for you to take off those garments—the garments of sin that you are wearing. You shall come as you are—and now."

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He lays his hand upon her arm, and draws her towards the gate; still, as in a dream, she follows him. The bitterness of death is on her, yet she goes with him calmly—quietly. Perhaps there is a hope in her heart that as she had run away from him once, she might be able to do so again. But could she? Would he not, having been warned by her first escape, take pains to guard against a second? She knows that in her dreams, when he is not here, she could defy him, elude him, but to defy him when he was present would be too much for her; and besides, he is her lawful guardian; he has said so. Her own mother had left her to him. He might call in the policeman in the village, and so compel her in that way. But oh, to go without saying good-bye to Mr. Wyndham!

He had said he would come to-day! But all hope of his coming now is at an end. And Mrs. Denis! Not even to see her—the might have helped her. And not to say one word to her, or to Susan! What—what will they all think of her!

At this moment they come to the hall door of the Cottage, and she stops suddenly, and makes a little rush towards it, but the clutch on her arm is strong.

"To say one word to Mrs. Denis," gasps she (impulsively, damp breaking out upon her young forehead. "Oh!" beating her hands with miserable agony upon her chest, "think how it will be! They will for ever and ever remember me as ungrateful—unloving—a creature who had taken their love and abused it. They will be glad to forget me!"

"I hope so," says he coldly—utterly unmoved—may, knowing even pleasure in her grief. "The sooner they forget you, and you them, the better. They!" He repeats the word. "Why don't you say 'the' and be done with it?" cries he furiously. "What a — hypocrite you are."

He almost drags her to the gate. Ella, half-fainting, finds herself at it. It is the last step. In here lies safety and happiness and peace—out there— Moore turns the key in the lock and pulls at the handle of the door. Yes, it is all over. The door opens. At this instant a long, low, passionate cry escapes from Ella. Wyndham is standing in the roadway just outside the gate.

(To be Continued.)

Awaiting the Black Cap

Walter L. Emanuel in Pick Me Up

Hugh Lankester stumbled out into the open. The great doctor had passed sentence. It was a black cap case. Hugh Lankester was to lose his sight.

Sir William had not said it in so many words. But there was no doubt left in Lankester's mind. Lankester had had no idea things had gone so far when he decided to consult Sir William. Suddenly, something that Sir William said startled him, and Lankester had asked him point-blank: "Shall I go blind?"

"You follow my treatment carefully," answered the doctor, "and I think we shall get you all right. You've been overworking yourself; you must give up all thoughts of the exam. for the present. You'll have to use your sight sparingly now. You must take to dark glasses. You must—"

"Yes, but you don't tell me. Shall I go blind?" Lankester had interrupted, almost rudely.

"Your sight may last you many years."

"Thanks."

"It all comes from brain wear. You've been flitting about that exam. You must leave town for a while, and go into the country, and forget that there are such things as books as quickly as possible. Amuse yourself. On no account allow yourself to be depressed. Good-bye, and let me see you again in a month. Meanwhile, keep up your pecker."

The great doctor, a stern person to look at, had spoken almost tenderly.

And now Hugh Lankester was outside.

"Curse Elphinstone!" he muttered.

Elphinstone was the man, a former school-fellow of Lankester's, now walking the hospitals, who had advised him to go and see the great doctor. Lankester had met him one afternoon—it was one of his bad days—and had told him of the curious tricks his eyes were playing.

"They get all misty," he explained.

Elphinstone looked grave and said:

"Take my advice, old man, and go to a specialist."

Lankester said he would take the advice. But when he got home and looked at his eyes in the glass, he could see that there was nothing at all the matter with them, and he set Elphinstone down as an alarmist. Then, in a few days, he ran across Elphinstone again.

"Well, have you been to an oculist?" he asked.

"No."

Elphinstone then told him plainly that he was a confounded young idiot to delay the thing like that.

"I'll go after my exam," said Lankester.

"No, go to-morrow," said Elphinstone.

And now he had been, and he was curing the man who had sent him. If a fellow had to go blind—well, let it come suddenly and unexpectedly. Far better so than to have to sit at home watching for it day by day. Curse Elphinstone!

Curse everyone! Why the devil did they all get in his way? He was hurrying down Oxford street now—he did not quite know where to—and people kept running into him, and jostling up against him as he passed.

"Curse you!" he cried savagely to a child who got in his path, and the child ran off howling to its mother.

Then, by a strange irony, he knocked into an old blind man who was standing on the curb, and upset his tray of matches.

"Shame!" said a woman. "Look what you've done, you clumsy lout!"—and him blind, too.

Lankester turned.

"What's that? Blind, do you say? Poor devil! I didn't know that. You can't see at all? Ah, that's bad. God knows, I'm sorry for you. It must be hard not to see—cruel hard—devilish hard. Here."

And he took half-a-sovereign from his pocket and gave it to the man.

"You are generous, my lord," said the

A Sunday Morning Episode.



1. Rev. Fiddie D. D.—Boy, I am astonished and grieved beyond measure! Don't you know that this is—



2. Sunday, and—



3. Here, let me show you how to land that big one—



4. Without breaking your rod.



5. That's it, isn't he a daisy?



6. Deacon O'Neill—Well, parson, I'm surprised and shocked! But what does it weigh? Gosh, it's a corker!

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woman, who thought it was a farthing.

Lankester continued on his way. At last he got a stretch of pavement to himself, which set him free to think again. Well, one thing, at any rate, was pretty certain; it was all up with his career. The Indian Civil Service would have to try and get along without the aid of Hugh Lankester. He supposed, by the by, that the gov'nor would stump up all right. Or would he have to walk the streets, led by a mongrel cur, selling matches?

"Fuses, a yappenny a box; pity the poor blind man!" he rehearsed between his teeth.

The idea tickled him and he smiled. Then, suddenly, he thought of Ethel and got serious again. Ethel! Ah, that was the worst. That was where it hit hardest. Of course he could not—would not marry her now. He must let her off. And yet—he might get better. For what had the doctor said? "Your sight may last you many years." What a dunder he was to make up his mind for the worst. That was just like him. Perhaps, after all, the sight would not give out. And yet—what was the good of deceiving himself? That had only been a way of putting it. The doctor knew well enough it would go, and soon. It was not to be doubted. He must give up Ethel. Under the circumstances he could not expect her to marry him. Imagine pleasure-loving little Ethel wedded to a blind man—or, at best, a man with black goggles! He laughed aloud at the idea. Hargreaves would have her now. . . . For a moment he felt remarkably like blubbering. . . .

Then he began to wonder whether he should have warning of it, or would it come quite suddenly? Why hadn't he asked the doctor that? But, of course, the sight would gradually get weaker and weaker until it went out altogether. That is how it would be. Well, he knew what he would do as soon as he felt it coming. He was not going to live in darkness all his life. Hugh Lankester was not quite such a fool as that. Not quite.

He had reached Bond street. Two ladies bowed to him. It did not strike him till they had passed that he had not raised his hat to them. Hang it all, how abominably rude they must have thought him. He must wake up. He stretched his eyes. How strong the sun was! Then he felt to thinking again. He called to mind now how once, at an At Home about a couple of years ago, a palmistry woman had examined his hand, and had said:

"You won't have a very long life—you'll commit suicide." At the time he had treated it as a good joke.

But suppose, after all, the thing should come suddenly, without warning? It was just possible. Then it would be too late; he would not be able to see to do anything. . . . Better, perhaps, to have done with it at once. Yes, yes. No, not quite at once, though. He would go on the bust for a week, and then—

How should he do it? He must buy a pistol. Or poison? No, poison was a woman's way. Better get the pistol. Still, poison was cleaner. And yet he did not know. Pistol—poison? Poison—pistol? Pistol—

Suddenly he stopped, and put his hand to his eyes.

"Hell!" he cried, staggering back against a shop-window. "Hell! it's come!"

People ran up.

"It's come!" he cried, "it's come!" Then added, "But it's too soon. It's not fair, it's not fair."

"What's come?" asked the crowd.

"It—it. Oh, light the gas—light the gas; won't somebody light the gas?"

He tore at his eyes.

The eyes were still open, but the sight was gone.

They led him away.

"Five pounds to the man who'll kill me! Ten pounds! A hundred pounds! Oh, for mercy's sake!—is there no Christian here who'll do it?"

"Billay!" shouted a boy, "ere's a bloke off 'is nut."

The Flash of Crystals.

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Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

MAR.—Oh, this horrid back hand! Why do you indulge in it? It is so stained and unnatural that I positively can do nothing with it.

FRED.—You have splendid traits, bedeviled by immaturity and lack of mental training. Your ideas are scintillating and your powers of reasoning rather in an embryo state; you are romantic, an idealist, and have much dashy taste, sweet and generous disposition, hope, very strong sense of justice and honor.

BROWN EYES.—1. You'd have had a better character if you had not chosen to write on such horrid fancy paper. 2. Your writing shows a good deal of power, a decided will, bright and vivacious disposition, some tenacity of opinion, adaptability, self-assertion, some idealism, and a rather discreet nature. You are rather conventional than original and should be a pleasant and sensible person.

ALBION.—You are not egotistic; rather gentle, discreet, truthful, content and sweet-tempered. Tact rather than strength is your weapon; you are sympathetic and generous, quite a feminine creature and somewhat impulsive. I don't think your nature has been tried very severely by life's experiences, but should be you will show endurance, patience and cheerfulness. I think you must be charming.

BIRD.—Your pretty study is quite immature, but promises an exceedingly fine development. It would be hard work to build up a satisfactory study from these deliberate and wavering lines. Lady Gay sends you her kind regards and thanks for your approval. In the case of the violets, a sense of the eternal fitness of things would have been a sure guide. Some time in the future, when you are more settled in your various trials, I can give you a study perhaps.

TOMMY ATKINS.—1. If you don't shoot straighter than you write, Tommy, the enemy will live a long time. 2. You are original and erratic in impulse, lacking sequence of ideas and being impatient under trial, and very self-absorbed and assertive. It is a quite undisciplined character, sharp and uncertain in temper, fond of good living, and capable of passionate affection; rather inclined to the opposite sex, and not at all particular as to speech and manner. Under these many distracting traits, I should not be at all surprised to find a genius. There is about one chance in fifty like that.

PALMER.—You have more than possibilities. You may count on quite a few certainties. Your writing shows so much satisfaction in success, and so strong a regard for appearances, that I am sure no effort will lack on your part. It is not at all an artistic hand, but should be successful in business requiring concentration, decision and enterprise. Strange to say, there isn't any lack of sequence and your ideas are well arranged, concise and apprehensive; ambition is alternated with a dependent turn, but this temperament is not controlling; a very sympathetic, receptive and amiable disposition, with much appreciation of beauty in any shape, is shown, with excellent judgment, some generosity, a thorough attention to details and a love of refined surroundings. If snap, perseverance and talent win, so will you.

BATH.—Certainly you may write again. I don't think that fair people are more deceitful than dark people. I have had so little experience with deceptions, happily, that I

can't tell. My favorite fly-boots have dark hair and big brown eyes, and I wouldn't trust her across the street. I think people often tempt deceptions by trusting others unduly. What you can't keep yourself you needn't expect others to keep. I am sure I don't know whether you are dark or fair, nor do I care a particle. But I fancy you are Allison's sister or some near relation whose character is largely similar, only less mature, less facile and not quite so good-tempered, besides showing some mistrust and want of frankness with others. Take care. You are a rather good writer now, and if you take trouble, not with your writing so much as with yourself, you'll soon be a better one.

RUTH ROBIN.—1. Your thoughtless question touches the very root of all the failure that grows like noxious weeds over many a life record. Listen, ye people! This young woman (and she's a clever, bright woman) asks me to tell her "in what easy way I can best accomplish the end whereunto I was born." Though the majority don't give themselves away so frankly, that is just the spirit they live in. Dear maid, the end whereunto you were born is perfection, development being the means thereto. And this means pain, work, waiting and watchfulness; there is nothing easy about them. It is hard, harder and more trying than I can tell you; but then, there is, away off in the ages, that gliding star whose white light shines through the darkness, and bids us work out our own salvation till we stand in its radiance, pure, peaceful, perfect. When you grasp this, it matters very little what profession you take up in one of the intervals of life here. 2. Your writing shows a very snappy and alert nature, rather intellectual, fond of your own way, a trifle inclined to be disatisfied, of decided refinement, conservative and not very receptive, with some love of fun and sense of humor, care for details and desire for approbation. I am afraid your nature is selfish, but there are the powers to counteract this, and I fancy the will to the same end. You have very good abilities, and with a development towards sympathy and interest in others should make a good nurse.

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

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The Drama.

WHEN the curtain went up at the Princess Theater Monday night—an artistic curtain, for I have attended art exhibits to examine less canvas and less art—it soon became apparent that the home of Mr. Forrest Tree was that of a Gay Old Boy. The proprietor was away somewhere and the family doctor was turning the reception-room to a professional use. Only a gay old boy would permit this sort of thing. The doctor was somewhat in love with Miss Cherrie Tree, and when she came in securely disguised by holding some cobweb material before her face, the doctor nearly put his foot in it by being too attentive to the unknown. He fixed that, however, and was just about to kiss her, when the three other Misses Tree and Aunt Willow Tree came in. Finding all hands collected there Miss Cherrie naturally enough remarked that as they were getting up a concert for the Jersey cadets they might as well have a rehearsal. They sang—the doctor knew the piece and sang too, and Mrs. Muldoon, the cook, and Ben A. Bird, the tough man-servant, also formed part of the circle and sang. Such beautiful equality between madam and the cook would delight the heart of Lady Aberdeen. When the first song was done the tough man-servant strutted forward and sang a Bowers song, in which of course he walked up and down the stage, drawing back his fist to smash Miss Cherrie, and screwing up his mug—and Miss Cherrie strutted, screwed up her mug, threatened to smash Ben, and the doctor did the same, and the girls did the same, and the aged and corpulent maiden aunt did the same. This alarming knowledge of the lingo of low life made me feel that Mr. Tree should come home to his daughters at once. It is all right for a father to gad about the country being a gay old boy, but when his sister and his daughters line up as gay old girls it is an entirely different matter.



Mr. Tree came at last, bringing with him an actress he had married. Letters were waiting him and he sang about his old friend Brown and his old friend Jones. When a man is just married he feels like singing. Mr. Frost then dropped in on him from the West. He had made a fortune and grown a lot of hair out there, and he wanted to get a wife to pull out his raven locks and spend his money. Would Mr. Tree help him? Well, rather! Two of Tree's friends then called and they drank and sang a health to the Westerner, in which he joined his powerful bass. Then the trouble began, for Tree found a letter saying that at the end of the week if he were not married his lawyer would pay over to him the estate left by his first wife. This excellent woman when dying had billed her property to Tree on condition that he did not marry again for two years. He had gone and married, thinking the two years were up September 15, instead of November 15, and now it was only November 10. A nice pickle this! His first wife understood him pretty well, though why she did not leave her money to her four daughters, instead of to a husband so little to be trusted, is difficult to understand. The doctor had been in love with the actress, and she feared he would do something violent should he know of her marriage, so she advised that they pretend she was housekeeper. This suited the gay old boy. It could be kept quiet until the 15th. The actress had a housekeeper's make-up in her trunk and donned it. She sang just to keep her voice in tune. Nobody came to see who was making so free, and the event passed off all right.

The doctor didn't know exactly whether to marry the actress or Tree's daughter, so he made love to both. It is the easiest way out of any such difficulty. Further rehearsals were held in the garden, and all played stringed instruments, even the man-servant and the Westerner. When they had all gone and nothing seemed ready to happen, Mr. Topp sneaked away from the girls to practice his songs in the garden, and so we heard some very good singing. New York is a lovely place to live in, and those who have been there tell me that it is a great treat to walk abroad gazing over fences and listening to young gentlemen practicing songs and young ladies and servants rehearsing for concerts. The humdrum Toronto life is very trying upon New

Yorkers. In the third act the doctor decided to elope with Miss Cherrie, so he clambered in over the balcony disguised as a New Woman. All was silent and dark. The deed had to be done, but as the girl was tardy he filled in the time by singing a few songs. I am afraid he lost his girl by this delay, for a few minutes later he appeared in the room in evening dress and made a scene with the Western man's revolver—after which he was, along with Miss Cherrie, brought from hiding behind the curtains, as they were about to elope, by the ranchman threatening to shoot at the moving draperies. The gay old boy was also brought from hiding by a similar threat and at once acknowledged the actress as his wife, and so they all sang as the final drop fell.

This is a fairly accurate description of A Gay Old Boy. I have related it, not because it has any value as a description, but because it is the typical story of a musical comedy farce. Some people look for a plot every time they go to the theater and, not finding it in farce-comedy, feel aggrieved. When farce-comedy is announced one need not look for much of a plot; when a musical farce-comedy is announced one need only look for a series of song specialties strung together on a very thin line of plot. Those who enjoy only the melodrama, the comedy, and the legitimate drama, should realize that none of these things may be expected when any sort of farce-comedy is announced. Songs and dances will be lugged in on every possible and impossible pretext; strangers meeting on the street will do a can-can together; people will sing in drawing-rooms, in railway depots, rehearse concert work on the roof or in the cellar. The burglar will sing and do a clog in the office or give an anvil song by pounding the safe with his jimmy. The dead will arise to join in a chorus; no miracle is beyond the farce-comedy. Let nothing surprise you—the specialties are everything, the story nothing.

I enjoyed A Gay Old Boy very much on Monday night. It is a bright thing and I had no idea that Joseph Hart was so clever a comedian as he proved to be. If he possesses sufficient fertility to keep up the pace with which he has begun the season, it will be necessary to regard him as one of the leaders in his class. His voice in speaking and singing is well adapted to comedy. He is supported by a more than usually capable company, of whom that dashing little girl Carrie De Mar (as Cherrie Tree) and Will H. Sloan (as the doctor) are the most competent. Harry M. Morse as the giant Westerner is a unique figure and very pleasing.

Mr. Sol Smith Russell has been drawing large audiences all week to the Grand Opera House to laugh at him, and with him, in Sheridan's The Rivals. The play is well known, and Mr. Russell is no stranger to Toronto theater-goers; yet there is a familiarity which does not breed contempt, and the quaint oddities and laughable contortions through which Sheridan's humor sparkles are, like old friends, not loved the less for being better known. Mr. Russell has not made the mistake of assuming that it is within the power of any one actor to present a play, but has been careful to entrust the leading parts to good and capable hands. Naturally his own representation of the part of Bob Acres attracted the most attention, and droll indeed was the quiet humor that lurked in every utterance. Mr. Charles Mackay as Captain Absolute, Mr. Alfred Hudson as Sir Anthony Absolute, Mr. George Woodward as Sir Lucien O'Trigger, the fire eating Irishman with ancestors, and Mr. George Denham as David, were fully up to the high standard set for them by Mr. Russell. Miss Minnie Radcliffe was a bright, high spirited girl with plenty of dash and some breezy ideas on the subject of elopements that were hardly consonant with the title of Lydia Languish. The other parts were well taken, and good wholesome fun abounds throughout the piece, which though it has been well received during Mr. Russell's engagement has not been treated better than it deserves. The staging of the piece is quite up to the promises made, and The Rivals was never so well set up in this country.

After seeing Dan McCarthy's company in two of that author-actor's best Irish pieces, I think many people have decided that the company needs weeding out and that a better stage manager is required. Many of the minor actors have fallen into a listless mood and go through their parts in a mechanical way. They seem to feel that they have a life-job with the easy-going McCarthy and are under no necessity to exert themselves. When a man is shoved backwards into a tub of water the event should surprise the audience and the victim, and we were not prepared to see a man when so shoved walk backwards, carefully looking over his shoulder and feeling with his hands until, finding the tub, he obviously squatted in it. When a supporting actor will venture to make a whole play ridiculous in this way it shows that the manager of the company has lost his grip. A dozen details could be cited proving that the stage management of the company has grown weak, and Mr. McCarthy should make his people dance a jig.

Sir Henry Irving's American tour will cover the period between September 16 and May 16 of next year, and the route has been mapped as follows: Sept. 16 to Sept. 21, Academy of Music, Montreal; Sept. 23 to Sept. 28, Grand Opera House, Toronto; Sept. 30 to Oct. 26, Tremont, Boston; Oct. 28 to Dec. 21, Abbey's, New York; Dec. 23 to Jan. 4, 1896, Chestnut street Opera House, Philadelphia; 1896: Jan. 6 to Jan. 11, Academy of Music, Baltimore; Jan. 13 to Jan. 18, Grand Opera House, Washington; Jan. 20 to Jan. 25, Richmond, Charleston, Savannah, Atlanta; Jan. 27 to Feb. 1, Grand Opera House, New Orleans; Feb. 3 to Feb. 8, Memphis, Nashville, Louisville; Feb. 10 to Feb. 15, Grand Opera House, St. Louis; Feb. 17 to Feb. 22, Grand Opera House, Cincinnati; Feb. 24 to March 21, Columbia, Chicago; March 23 to March 28, Indianapolis, Detroit, Cleveland; March 30 to April 4, Buffalo, Pittsburgh; April 6 to April 11, Alvin, Philadelphia; April 13 to April 18, Chestnut street Opera House, Boston; April 20 to April 25, Tremont, Providence; April 27 to May 2, Worcester,

Springfield, Hartford, New Haven; May 4 to May 16, Abbey's, New York.

The plays which Sir Henry intends presenting in America are Macbeth, Becket, King Arthur, The Merchant of Venice, Much Ado About Nothing, Louis XI., Faust, Charles I., The Lyons Mail, Nance Oldfield, The Bells, The Corsican Brothers, Don Quixote, Journeys End in Lovers' Meeting and A Story of Waterloo.

Irving has decided, very naturally, not to use his title in his advertisements, but the theater managers of the United States may be depended upon to see that the title is worked for all it is worth. Irving will produce Coriolanus when he returns to London, and this important revival will be followed by an English version of Madame Sans-Gene, in which, of course, Miss Ellen Terry will undertake Mme. Rejane's famous role of the washer-woman duchess. These two plays seem almost enough to go on with, but Sir Henry has expressed his "desire" to produce a play by W. L. Courtney, which has a German source; and he has been "promised" a play by "an old fellow-worker," A. W. Pinero.

As stated above, Irving and his company, which consists of over one hundred people, including, of course, Miss Ellen Terry and Miss Julia Arthur of Hamilton, will appear at the Grand Opera House during the week beginning September 23. Faust, King Arthur, Merchant of Venice, Waterloo and The Bells will be the pieces presented in Toronto. In England Irving's work in The Veteran of Waterloo, which is from the pen of Conan Doyle, was pronounced the triumph of his life, nothing like it having ever been done before.

There are many leading actors in the United States who have never appeared on the Canadian circuit, and Mr. Frederic Bond, who will bring an unusually strong company to the Princess Theater next week, is one of these. For the past three years he has been at the head of the Grand Opera House Stock Company at Washington, appearing in many roles, and previous to that was a favorite in all the leading theaters. He will present Charles Matthews' delightful comedy My Awful Dad. This piece was a great favorite with the society people of Washington and will be sure to prove a treat here. It is a straight comedy with a good plot.

It is safe to say that there are good times in store for discriminating theater-goers at the Toronto Opera House next week. Niobe, the fantastic comedy by Harry and Edward Paulton, the authors of Erminie, will be given its first production at popular prices in this city. In Niobe the ancient and modern are grotesquely blended. It will be remembered that Niobe was the Queen of Thebes, who, daring to company herself with Latona, was transformed into marble, from which tears constantly flowed. The authors have made a



Mr. Walter H. Robinson.

very unique use of this mythological story. The action is brisk and the dialogue so comical that the announcement on the programme—"all laughter"—is fairly realized. The mirth springs from the most irresistibly funny situations, and it springs naturally. The hearer can be amused and interested by it, and can laugh long and heartily without feeling ashamed of himself afterward. Miss Minerva Dorr, who made such a pronounced hit when she appeared here as Jane in Frohman's company last season, will essay the role of Niobe.

Next week will be devoted to comedy in the three theaters. My Awful Dad at the Princess and Niobe at the Toronto are straight comedies, and although Charles's Aunt, the Grand attraction, is called a farce-comedy, it is very different from the sort of piece usually so described. It is rich in comedy. You cannot get into the wrong theater next week.

The Toronto College of Music School of Elocution reopened this week, and pupils are now registering for the ensuing term. Mr. Grenville P. Kleiser is principal as formerly, while several new teachers have been added to the staff. Miss Annie Richardson has been appointed associate teacher and Miss M. E. Mathews will take charge of the department of Diction and physical culture. The teachers of this school have made a reputation for painstaking and thorough work.

deemer, Toronto. Mr. Robinson has won well deserved success as a tenor soloist, and his services as such are widely in demand in oratorio, operatic and concert work. He has embraced every opportunity of supplementing his technical training by visiting the most prominent of musical centers in America and Europe for the purpose of hearing the best in music under the most favorable circumstances. Recent visits to England and a sojourn at the world-famous festivals of Wagnerian opera at Bayreuth have enabled him to hear the most renowned singers and instrumentalists of our times, amid surroundings which in themselves are an inspiration to the earnest musician. In voice culture he has adopted the Emma Seller method, the fundamental principle of which is that "what is not done easily is not right." His success as a teacher is best evidenced in the prominent positions now being filled by his pupils in leading churches of Montreal, Toronto and other cities. Besides having a large clientele of private pupils at his private studio at Messrs. R. S. Williams & Son's, 143 Yonge street, he is vocal instructor at Haverhill Hall and the Metropolitan School of Music, Ltd., Toronto. SATURDAY NIGHT recognizes in Mr. Robinson one of our most promising younger musicians, who, besides being an able vocal instructor, simply requires the opportunities to demonstrate fully his ability as a conductor.



NEPTUNE'S CREIVANCE

With shivers and shakes,
Old Neptune wakes
From his long, blissful summer slumber;
While his menials so wail:
Though his foamy beard,
Fill us with vague alarm—
For away from his arms
With her graces & charms
He has lost the summer girl;
Now tell me true—
If old Ocean were you,
Wouldn't you be in a whirl?

Mr. Walter H. Robinson.

THE subject of this brief sketch, Mr. Walter H. Robinson, is the second son of Mr. Geo. R. Robinson, bandmaster of the celebrated 13th Battalion Band of Hamilton, in which city he was born. He comes of a very musical family, no less than four brothers having at one time held leading positions in the band referred to. His theoretical studies were pursued under the instruction of such competent masters as C. L. M. Harris, Mus. Doc., of Hamilton, and J. Humfrey Anger, Mus. Bac., Oxon, of Toronto. As a specialist, however, he chose the field of voice culture and conducting. To qualify for the former he studied respectively with Mr. R. Thomas Steele of Hamilton, Mr. W. Elliott Haslam of Toronto and Mr. Alberto Randegger of London, Eng., one of the most eminent singing masters now living. As regards conducting, he has had the most favorable opportunities for practical experience. First, in training for four years under his father as clarinet soloist of the 13th Battalion Band; as choir-master in several churches; as conductor of a chorus of five hundred voices in Hamilton; as musical director of Toronto University Glee Club and of the Galt Philharmonic Society. His success as a choir-master was recognized in a practical manner when he was appointed to the responsible position of choir-master at the Church of the Re-

The Summer Girl.

For Saturday Night.
Sparkling eyes, so soft and brown,
Lips like cherries red,
Hair as black as midnight skies
Curled 'round her head.
Summer roses are her cheeks,
Lily-white her skin,
Dimples play at hide and seek
'Round her dainty chin.
Bathing dress of white and blue
Clings about her form.
Take her soft white hand in yours
(Just to keep it warm).
Ask her if she'll be your girl
All the summer through,
Swear you love but her alone,
Ever will be true.
Sparkling eyes so soft and brown,
Lips like cherries red,
Meet with yours in blissful kiss
By your soft smiles led.
Now the summer days have passed,
Where's the love you swore
Standing in your bathing suite
Down upon the shore?
Smile and call yourself a fool,
(For that you are, I fear),
And cast away your brown-eyed love
Till summer next is here.
Vine Lynne, Ottawa. BERNIE GREENE.

Skeleton River.

For Saturday Night.
O fairy river of fairy land,
With name so ill-befitting,
I wait my soul a-back to thee.
In my canoe I'm drifting,
And lazily, with paddle light
Upon the waters drifting,
I gaze upon thy lovely shores,
With scenes forever shifting.
The pine trees stand upon the heights,
With arms protecting o'er me;
The shadows deepen by the land,
Behind me and before me.
The rocky crags lean o'er the scene
And fill my soul with wonder.
Murmurs their rocky battlements
Are black with coming thunder.
Beneath, upon the lazy stream,
In deep content I lie;
The beauty moves my happy soul,
The shadows and the sky.
The distant murmur of the falls
Is borne upon the air,
Breaking the quiet solitude
That haunts the river there.
Lake Rosseau, August 28. J. TAYLOR BURKE.

Exit ob de Watermelon.

For Saturday Night.
O, de melon season's o'er,
An' de fruit am come an' gone,
An' my treat am dry and dusty
As de husk upon de cawn;
For de melon patch am trampled
Where de tendrils uster twine,
An' de niggers uster hustle
When de dew was on de vine.
O, de climate faw de melon
Am e climate faw de coccu,
An' dey magnetize each oder
By de distance ob de moon,
An' it ain't no use er talkin'
When dem free goes out ter ride,
Why, de moon shines on de nigger
An' de melon goes inside.
O, de nigger an' de melon
Is plantaneous in de Sou,
An' de melon fits de climate
As it fits de nigger's mou,
While de seeds slide out de cornders,
An' de rine pokes in his yeas,
As de juice slides down his bristles
An' de red core disappears.
Dem was 'till folks in de garden
Dat eat apples; tell yer why—
If de debil wanted niggers
He could ketch 'em on de fly,
An' he needn't git no serpent
Fer to lead 'em into sin;
He could ketch 'em wid a melon
While de juice was on der chin.
O, de roas'ins' yeas am accormptions,
An' de chowder's rather nice,
An' de 'possum, brown an' tender,
Fills de bill fer once er twice,
Or de 'limmons in December,
Nicely treated, dey is fa',
But a juicy watermelon
Allus seems ter git right dere!
A. T. WORDEN.

Under the Trees There is Rest.

Under the tree is rest. O, weary hands
That build the stately walls where strangers dwell;
O, human hearts, to which the red drops swell
With no glad joy of life. O, toiling hands,
Whose ceaseless toll mere leave to toll demands;
Does not come half-remembered vision tell
How, shading many a stream through plain and dell,
With myriad beck'ning leaves the forest stands?
There, arching coolest turf, the boughs entwined,
And 'cross the shade the broken sunlight goes
When the long rays fall slanting from the west;
And there is bliss the strong perfume of pine
With mingled breath of fragrant fern and rose;
Yea, brothers, are ye hopeless of the rest?
—Gertrude Barrett in The Clarion, London, Eng.

Shingwauk, the Pine.

In March, 1649, a thousand Iroquois, pushing up from their country, saw the State of New York, pounced upon the Jesuit Mission, established in the country of the Hurons, one near what is now Barrie, one on the little river Wye, near Midland, and slaughtering their foes regardless of age or sex, put many to torture, including several Frenchmen, a quality record being found in Relations des Jésuites. They stripped them naked, and with blows of sticks on back, legs, stomach, face, no part of their bodies escaped torment.

Le Pere Jean de Brebeuf, overwhelmed by the weight of the blows, did not lose concern for his flock. Those he had instructed gathered around him.

"My children," said he, "in the worst of your griefs lift your eyes to Heaven, remembering God is witness of our sufferings and it will be well, and our great reward, dying with that faith and hope in His goodness and the accomplishment of His promise. I pity! More for you than for myself (J'ay pitié plus de vous que de moi) but bear with courage the torture which will end with our lives. The glory following will never end." "Ehoul!" they said to him (the name the Hurons applied to the father). "Our spirits will be in Heaven when our bodies have suffered."

Intoxicated at his words, they cut off one hand, pierced the other, and they applied under his armpits and over his kidneys the hatchets all red with the fire. They put a collar (tasse) around his neck, so that all the movements of the body gave a new pain, for leaning forward to save the back hurt the breast, and contra, or remaining upright pulled all around (grilla tout leur corps).

In the worst of his tortures Le Pere Lalemant lifted his eyes to Heaven; joining his hands, his aspirations rose to God, whom he invoked to his succor.

Le Pere Jean de Brebeuf endured like a rock, insensible to fire and flame, without one cry, and in profound silence, which puzzled his executioners. Without doubt his heart reposed then upon his God. Presently returning to himself he preached to the Indians, and more than ever the good Christian captives had compassion for him.

The executioners, angry at his zeal in preaching more of the word of God, scooped out his mouth (they cemented the teeth); they cut off his nose, tore off his lips, but his blood spoke louder than his lips and he prayed with his last breath, blessing God and animating the Christians more than ever.

One night at Center Island.

South-westward from the Park,
I sat beneath three pine trees,
'Twas twilight and the dark.

A wind moaned, and their branches
Cave forth a soft sad tune,
As though the tree called up for me
The ghost of an old-time rune.

The ghost of an old-time rune,
A bygone minor plaint,
Or rising high like a battle cry,
Or sinking weird and faint.

Three starveling pines—you see them;
Their tops are well nigh dead.
They seem to wait the beck of fate,
And, whispering, they said:

"Of much that we remember here,
We scarcely see a trace,
For the White man's hand is on the land,
And his footstep (a) covers the place.

"The Red man and the pine tree,
Have well nigh had their day;
The small white flower is the sign
That both must pass away.

"'Tis little use for us to care
What'er the future bring,
But thoughts of bygone days we share,
And stand remembering.

"Remembering how the forest spread,
And how the wind might blow
His leafy billows overhead,
He ne'er could get below.

"How the dark pines their vigil kept,
Towering o'er every tree;
And a deep diapason swept
In Nature's symphony.

"And, watching, we have learned to trace
(And hold it at its worth)
That time and space do not efface
The acts of men on earth;

"That unclean spirits damned for deeds
Often unseen, unheard,
Like huge bats flit about the pit
In which they are interred.

"Who duty does a prize hath won,
What'er may be his lot,
Is blessed in knowing it is done,
Who'er may know it not.

"Within our ken are noble men
Who died for duty done;
Whose holy influence living, sheds
A blessed benison.

"At times, by night, such spirits bright
Sweep from the arch on high,
And pathways of celestial light
Are trailed across the sky.

"From the blue vault bestud with stars,
Those souls beatified
By duty done—by victory won,
On rustling pinions glide.

"They see the light is dawning bright,
The gospel of good deeds—
The heart of man is throbbing more
For kindness than for creeds.

"And what we tell to you believe,
Though many a year has flown,
Though Indians and pines are gone,
And we three left alone.

"Now another voice shall whisper you,
If you can but hear it. Hark!
It never varies—is sad, but true,
And a glimpse of Island Park."

PART II.

An Indian chief am I—Shingwauk (b)—The Pine!

Round me on every hand behold my band,
Warriors all, valiant, deep-chested, tall,
This land theirs, mine, I am Shingwauk—the Pine!

And do I wake? And can it then be true,
Three thousand moons (c) have passed since
those I knew
Dark, like the pines, stood 'round me on that day

I left my Island home, and crossed the Bay?
'Tis true, and I recall it all. 'Tis true.

Northward we sped, for a runner said,
The Mohawk snake was there,
Where the little church (d) stood at the edge
of the wood,

And the Black-robos taught a prayer,
Which they said the Great Spirit gave them
And told his black-robod band.

To cross the sea, and teach to me,
And those of every land.

And they built another church near it
And had a story to tell,
Calling us in to hear it
By ringing a little bell.

And they bore both toil and trouble,
Said it was gain—not loss,
When two by two we followed them,
Singing behind the cross.

With a song did the Black-robe die,
When bound to the Mohawk stake,
And looked his last with dauntless eye
On the sun, the sky, and the lake.

Borne down with collar of axes,
White with the glowing heat,
They heartened their convert Hurons,
Though fire was under their feet.

I wot these men (you hear me out)
What'er may be your creed,
Said truly that their "martyr blood
Would be the church's seed."

Half-burned in smoking ashes,
We saw the little bell,
You know the tale—a sad one,
And I have my own to tell.

No stop nor stay, but up and away!
Southward and home we flew,
And over the Bay at close of day
We urged the swift canoe.

And half I feared as the strand we neared,
And I tried to say a prayer
For the little one and the mother
I left in the wigwam there.

And longed to hear a boyish shout,
To see a well known face
Dart from the copse, but found, ah me!
Dread silence o'er the place.

Rage and despair! for everywhere
The Mohawk work was spread,
Distorted limbs, and dabbled hair,
The dying and the dead.

And he whose little hand I taught
The mimic warrior's part,
Still grasped his tiny weapon
Which sped his puny dart.

His rosy lips were black with blood,
His eyes, half-closed, were dim,
He stretched one dear hand out to me,
And mine outstretched for him.

And I held him. Aye! I held him,
He made no sob nor cry,
'Twas every breath I thought it death,
And a heron floated by.

And as the sun was sinking,
He sent a golden ray
Of glory on my little boy
And took his soul away.

Two herons (e) rose, where only one
Had circled 'round my head,
The souls of my boy and his mother—
I knew she, too, was dead.

Then one by one the stars shone out,
And all the night was still,



Extremes will, in the Land of Shades
With Nap and Trilby meet,
For Nappy got there with his head,
And Trilby with her feet.

(Copyrighted.)

Not His Part.



Manager—Quick, post Bill out there, he's forgotten his lines!
Hamlet O' Egg—I'm not a Bill poster, sir.

(Copyrighted.)

Save for the distant cry of the loon
And plaint of the whip-poor-will.

And where the Sun—My Father—(f) or
My Mother—Earth—had smiled,
I laid at rest within her breast
The form of my little child.

You may like your shrieking whistle,
The bray of your brazen band,
The glare of light dispelling night,
And flashing on every hand,

To your Island Park I only come,
To see the children play,
And that it was the home of him
The Mohawk slew that day.

Because just where my boy's at rest,
You made this beautiful field,
And a circle of flowers over his breast,
That covers him like a shield.

Center Island, Sept., 1895.

QUIVIS.

a. The Indians say the white clover never comes till the pine trees are gone. They call it the White Man's Foot.
b. Shingwauk—a Pine tree.
c. The Iroquois invasion referred to was 246 years ago.
d. Le Pere Jean de Brebeuf and Le Pere Gabriel Lalemant established a mission near the site of Barrie, and another on the little river Wye near Midland. The Indians called the priests Black-robos.
e. The Hurons and Ojibways believed in metempsychosis. Tecumseh, angry at the appropriation of tribal lands by the whites, met General Harrison, who conducted the treaty. Tecumseh refused the chair the latter offered.
f. "Take it," said General Harrison, "your Father bids you." "My Father! The sun is my Father, the earth is my Mother. I will rest on her bosom," and he reclined on the ground.

In Desperation.



THE rejected suitor found himself on the street. It was indeed all over with him. Maud had finally dismissed him—had told him, not without some show of emotion, but had unequivocally told him that she was now betrothed to another and would be embarrassed by further attentions on his part. That settled it. He would see her no more. He would leave Toronto. He would go—where would he go? He would get off this infernal street first thing—he didn't want to meet that triumphant fool going up to Maud's to hear how he had taken the mitten. D—n him. No, he'd walk right down this street whistling, and meet the fool. He wasn't afraid to meet him—he'd like to meet him in the middle of the lake, each in a boat without oars. Curse the fellow! He's a sneak, anyhow—pretending to be so nice! There's not a fellow in town that likes him. Girls are so odd. How could a girl like Maud marry a fellow like that? The boys are all dead on to him. He hasn't a decent friend. She will find her mistake soon enough. He could have told her all about that fellow. Why had she not let him do so? Why didn't she ask somebody? Well, she's to be pitied. Confound it all! Why had she not seen that he

was worth a dozen of the other?

But it was all over. No use going back. No use waiting—it was over. Here was a drug store. He would like to smash in that big window—he could do it, do it with one kick. He would bet that he could. He would like to smash those big bottles, and when the policeman came he could keep him at bay with a volley of bottles—bottles of perfumes, patent medicines, lotions and poisons. Poisons! If he should poison himself it would serve Maud right. He could lock himself in his rooms and do the deed. His doors would not be forced open until the next evening, and he would not hear of it until the day after. All the better for that—she would have forgotten him by that time. She would have had fully forty-eight hours in which to forget him. Ample—quite ample for any girl. But when she heard the news, how he had been found—the mystery of Spadina avenue—promising young business man—his accounts all right—no cause assigned for the rash act—in the best of spirits—not inclined to melancholia—curse the papers, a lot they know about what is going on in this city under the very noses of their blackguard reporters. Well, she would know the cause. She would realize what sort of man she had trifled with. He would not leave any mark on her—any cry-baby letter to his mother or to her. But wait! He had better leave a line: "I have suicided with chloroform. Hold no inquest. I leave all my money and belongings to my little brother Bob." That would do, that would cover everything. To commit suicide is not a clean thing to do. It makes such a mess. It is not polite. It shocks the person who finds one's remains. He must pay the landlady a month's rent—two, three, a year's rent in advance. What did it matter! Here is an old woman. He would stop her and give her ten dollars. No wonder she thought him crazy. She stands there looking after him just where he left her. No wonder! It was a crazy thing to do—crazy for anyone who intended to live more than three hours. Three hours—yes, that would make it twelve. Midnight! The mystic hour when ghosts walk. If ghosts can walk he would do some tall travelling.

There is another drug store down that side street. That would do. It is a fit place for the sale of poisons. There is no person in either, only the clerk. What a thin, sick-looking fellow, too! What a lot of pie-faced fools there are in the world anyhow, sticking to life without rhyme or reason! Look at that fellow with drugs enough at arm's length to settle the whole town. He mustn't suspect the purpose of his customer. Strategy must be used. He could get what he wanted easily enough. Hang the door! Why is it shut, and why has it a bell on it, country fashion? Wait! Here is a little girl. A stamp—she wants a stamp. Let her get it and go. He wouldn't need a stamp for the letter he would write. There is a lot of very important correspondence written in this world without the use of stamps. What is the clerk looking at him that way for? Curse the fellow! he has never poisoned anyone before! Perhaps he had better wait—perhaps—he must say something, the fool is gawking at him. "I—ah—I just want to see—I—what have you got in the way of tooth-paste?"

MACK.

Teaching of German.

Fraulein Holtermann, whose portrait accompanies this paragraph, is once more in Toronto to give one five-weeks' course in German. Fraulein Holtermann, in her tour of the province, has won for herself a reputation as a teacher of German in five weeks which is second to none. Her clearly enunciated pure high German has converted her students to the belief that German well spoken is one of the most musical languages of the world, while



Fraulein Holtermann.

the Fraulein's general knowledge and her familiarity with German literature and the quaint old legends of the romantic Vaterland make her classes a source of unqualified entertainment and profit to her students. "An hour cannot be more pleasantly spent than in Fraulein Holtermann's classes." This seems to be the general verdict of her students. Fraulein Holtermann's advertisement appears on page 11.

An Afterthought.

Truth.

He—I never saw anything like this tide. Here I've been pulling steadily for ten minutes and we don't seem to have moved a foot!

She (after a pause)—Oh, Mr. Stroker, I've just thought of something—the anchor fell overboard a while ago and I forgot to tell you. Do you suppose it could have caught on something?

Knew His Way.

A young policeman has to take a prisoner before the magistrate and after the trial convey him to the court prison. He had never been in the building before and stood in the corridor with his charge, not knowing which way to turn. At last the old offender had pity on him and said: "Come along; I'll show you."

Das deutsche Lied.



Wir entflohn aus Deutschlands Gauen,
Durchglüht von jungem Wanderdrang,
Um fremder Länder Pracht zu schauen,
Zu lauschen fremder Sprache Klang,
Da gab zum Segen in die Ferne
Die Heimath uns ihr deutsches Lied,
Das nun, gleich einem guten Sterne,
Mit uns die weite Welt durchzieht.

Wohin auch uns're Wege führen,
Zum Steppensaum, zum Meeresport,
Wo immer wir ein Heim uns kühren,
Im tiefen Süd, im hohen Nord:
Der deutschen Heimath Segensgabe
Von uns'rer Schwelle nimmer flieht,
Und als des Berges schönste Hahn
Bleibt heilig uns das deutsche Lied.

Es klingt um hohe Urwaldtannen,
Am blauen See, am Lorenz-Strom,
Fern in den Büthen der Savannen
Und ferner unterm Palmenom;
Es braust aus frohem Zecherkeise,
Es jauchzt und schluchzt mit Mann und Maid,
Und klagt in wehmüthiger Weise
Von alter Lust und altem Leid.

Und wo es klingt, da bricht ein Blüten
Und Leuchten auf im weiten Rund,
Wie Veilchenduft und Rosenblüthen
Gebt's durch der Berge tiefsten Grund:
Was längst zerronnen und zerstoßen,
Was mit der Kindheit von uns schied,
Es wird in Träumen neu gewoben,
Wenn uns umrauscht das deutsche Lied.

Wir schau'n der Heimath grüne Thäle,
Der Schwalbe Nest am Vaterhaus,
Wir zieh'n im Morgensonnenstrahl
Durch's alte Thor zur Stadt hinaus,
Wir hören ferner Glocken Klingen
Und deutscher Eichenwälder Weh'n,
Wir fühlen junges Frühlingsringen,
Und erster Liebe Ausersteh'n!

Und ob auch Früchte viel und Blüten
Die Hand auf fremder Erde zieht,
Wir wollen begen doch und büten
Den Frühlingsapress, das deutsche Lied,
Das uns zum Segen in die Ferne
Die Muttererde einst beschied,
Und das, gleich einem guten Sterne,
Mit uns die weite Welt durchzieht!

The above song, which is printed in German, for the benefit of those who can read the language, was sung at the Sangerfest, Monday evening. It breathes a love of native land. The German citizens have been enjoying themselves this week in this first Sangerfest of the Canadian Sangerbund. They were heartily welcomed everywhere and the public agreed with Acting Mayor Shaw when he said: "This beautiful free Canada of ours welcomes all peaceful comers, English and Scotch, French and German, and all may heartily join in singing The Maple Leaf Forever. Again I heartily welcome you to our beautiful city. German citizens are good citizens. I wish we had many more. You know how to work and you know how to enjoy yourselves."

An Editor's Luck.

An editor in a Western Ontario town, whose sanctum was on the first floor, hit upon the novel plan of placing a contribution box at the foot of the stairway leading up to his office, thereby avoiding interruptions and saving his contributors many a weary climb.

What was his astonishment to find several dollars in it the other day! Saying nothing he pocketed the money and waited. The next day he received some more, the label "Contribution Box" evidently misleading some charitable-minded individuals.

He now places a dollar or two on the collection plate on Sunday and is looked upon as one of the freest givers in the church.

A Bright Little Child.

Mother—Elsie, your sister tells me you took a second helping of pudding at Mrs. Brown's to-day.

Little Elsie—So I did, mamma.

"Do you think that was right, Elsie?"

"Yes. You know you have often told me not to contradict anyone, and Mrs. Brown said: 'I know Elsie will have a second helping of pudding,' and I couldn't contradict her, could I?"

Mamma smiled, and said nothing.

How the Colonel Made Room.

Atlanta Constitution.

"Do you think," asked the colonel, as he cocked his revolver, "that you can make room to-morrow for that communication of mine which has lain on your desk for six weeks back?"

"Certainly!" gasped the editor; "if we're crowded we can enlarge the paper, or—"

"That is satisfactory," interrupted the colonel, still eyeing his weapon. "I heard that you were crowded for space up here, and I thought that if I got you and the foreman out of the way there would be more room. Good morning."

STEAMSHIP SAILINGS.

MEDITERRANEAN

Travel to Southern France, Italy, Egypt, the Nile and Palestine during 1895-96 will be unprecedented. Travelers should arrange their tours early in order to secure choice of berths and rooms. Sailors' lists of all times, plans of steamers, illustrated books, rates, etc., may be obtained and berths reserved at any time.

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Chief Agent Mediterranean Lines
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NORTH GERMAN LLOYD 88. CO.

New York, Southampton (London, Havre, Paris) and Bremen.
Sept. 17, 9 a.m. Kaiser Wm II, 22 Sept. 5 a.m.
Sept. 21, 9 a.m. Aller, 1 Oct. 8 a.m.
Sept. 24, 9 a.m. Trave, 5 Oct. 9 a.m.

New York, Gibraltar, Naples, Genoa.
Sept. 25, noon. Scale, Nov. 2 11 a.m.
Werra, Oct. 12 11 a.m. Fuld, Nov. 16 11 a.m.

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Sept. 14 11 a.m. Paris, Oct. 9 11 a.m.
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Sept. 25 11 a.m. New York, Oct. 23 11 a.m.
New York, Oct. 2 11 a.m. Paris, Oct. 30 11 a.m.

RED STAR LINE

NEW YORK-ANTWERP.
Southwark, Sept. 15 noon. Rotterdam, Oct. 16 noon.
Westerland, Sept. 25 noon. Southwark, Oct. 23 noon.
N. Holland, Oct. 2 noon. Westerland, Oct. 30 noon.
Kensington, Oct. 9 noon. Rotterdam, Nov. 6 noon.

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ONLY DIRECT LINE TO FRANCE

New Fast Express Steamer

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Short Stories Retold.

One day at the table of George the Fourth, when Prince Regent, the royal host said, "Why, Colman, you are older than I am." "Oh, no, sir," replied Colman, "I could not take the liberty of coming into the world before your royal highness."

The late Dr. Edward Beecher on one occasion was dining with friends and inadvertently swallowed a mouthful of exceedingly hot coffee. Immediately he deposited it upon his plate, and, turning around, remarked: "A fool would have swallowed it."

Once upon a time Lord Melbourne visited the kitchen of the Reform Club (Soyer seems to have held a regular levee there in the afternoon) and remarked to the great chef that his hand-maidens were remarkably good-looking. Soyer bowed with deep respect, and answered with gravity, "Yes, my lord; you see, we do not want plain cooks here."

A Boston man traveling through the South was obliged to stop over in a small town where there was but one hotel, at which the accommodations were hardly to be called elaborate. When the colored waiter brought his dinner, the Boston man found that he was to have roast beef, stewed tomatoes, corn, peas, potatoes, and coffee, the vegetables served in the usual stone china canoes. Presently he said to the waiter, "Dick, pass the spoons." The waiter rolled his eyes in genuine amazement. "Spoons, sah! What you want with the spoons? There's yo' spoon in yo' corn."

F. M. Hutchins, one of *Puck's* illustrators, attended the last Abingdon Square concert—a series given by a philanthropist for the poor in New York—in search of the picturesque. Mr. Hutchins wears glasses. He is also a connoisseur in the latest slang, and it served him a good turn. About a thousand small boys were closely packed around the band-stand, and the artist wanted to work his way through them that he might speak to the band-master. He politely explained his object to a boy who stood in front of him. The boy turned and, after looking at the artist for a moment, sang out to his companions: "S-a-y, here's a smooth guy wid blinkers, an' he says would I p-le-a-se permit him to pass. Would I? Well, I wouldn't do a thing to him." Mr. Hutchins wears no beard, and some of the other boys began to make personal remarks about his appearance. They talked in slang, and the artist knew the way to win them. Leaning over to the first boy, he said, in a husky voice: "Say, Petey, I'll tell you how it is. I'm up against it, and that's straight. I don't want to get me blinkers busted. Give a fellow a chance. See?" "Cert," replied the boy; "open up there an' let me fren' trough. He's all right." And Mr. Hutchins did get through without trouble.

Of all the expedients devised by debtors, whether by Micawber or Murgers, few have been more simple and effectual than that of Mrs. Martin in San Francisco recently. She had ordered a ton of coal delivered at her residence. The coal-dealers had not yet received their pay for previous tons, so they instructed their driver to take the coal to her house, go to the door, present the previous bill, and refuse to deliver the coal until the bill was paid. He did so. The lady looked a little surprised, but an ominous glitter came into her eye when she heard his ultimatum. But she repressed her feelings, and suavely invited the coal man to "step into the parlor while she went to get the money." The coal-heaver was rather grimy, and did not seem exactly to fit the furniture, but he accepted her invitation, stepped into the parlor, and Mrs. Martin disappeared. Many minutes passed. The coal-heaver became impatient, but the lady did not return. Finally he heard the crash of coal. He looked out of the window. To his horror, he saw his coal being unloaded by another man. He tried the door, but it was locked, and the grimy coal-heaver grimly sat down and waited. After the coal was unloaded, the lady appeared and let him out. There was a triumphant twinkle in Mrs. Martin's eye as she told him to "call again with the bill."

The Ladies Admire men who smoke, as smoking is a manly habit, but they are especially enamored of men who evince nice taste in the selection of their cigars and tobacco such as is always kept in stock by G. W. Muller, 9 King street west.

Between You and Me.

THE other day I was making mayonnaise and it occurred to me that a mayonnaise was a very human sort of a mixture. There is the salt, the wholesome practical folk who live by rule and rote; the pepper, the fiery, impulsive, erratic ones; the vinegar, the jaundiced, disappointed people, who are good in a mixture, when properly and carefully blended, and awful alone; the mustard, the sarcastic, biting, clever folk; the sugar, the lovers in the world; the cream or the oil, the tactful, managing, wise, smooth and forbearing people who make all the crudeness and the sharpness of the rest blend gently, and the egg seemed the life on which all the other condiments acted, as our various traits and weaknesses act on us; and atop of all this hatching and musing in my mind is a quaint little epitaph which peeps from the moss upon a Somersetshire gravestone.

"Grim Death, to please his liquorish palate, Has taken our Lettice to put in his salad."

"DEAR LADY GAY,"—Would you please tell me through your paper if you think it advisable for a lady over fifty (50) to ride in bloomers. Please write it up pretty strong, as we do not want any such guys in Toronto if we can help it."

That is the latest development. It is no use, my dear man. Bloomers will bloom even on old ladies. How do you know I'm not an old lady over fifty myself? Whether I am or not I should rather see bloomers than a white petticoat such as a good many old and young ladies display as they cavort about our streets on wheels. With the wonderful knee-action which some of them have unfortunately been allowed to acquire and with which they recall to me the capers of good Queen Bess before the Spanish Ambassador, who reported her as "prancing wondrous high," this display of white skirts is truly censurable. As Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aylesmith decided on black stockings for sharks, I would beg my sister wheel women, whether they move in the social or business circles of our city, to vow themselves to black or dark-tinted garments.

During the last three days of last week a young Frenchman undertook to ride one thousand miles around the track at Hurlan's—four thousand times to whizz past the grand stand, after a more or less satisfactory pace-maker. On one of those sunny Sundays we discussed the coming trial of speed and endurance as we camped on the beach and looked curiously at the long-distance rider. "It's nothing," said Chappelle in his little decided way. "I've done it several times," and we didn't know whether he was a braggart or a wonder, but we found out later on. Everything went against the plucky little chap—a careless trainer, an avalanche of rain and a fall from a wrecked wheel—and on Sunday when I passed by the Point I rather dreaded seeing him, for I pictured him gaunt and haggard, worn out and worried by set-backs, and only on the principle that imagination is often worse than reality did I go and take a peep at him. He was going around quite blithely, following a very wabbly pace-maker, to whom he continually remarked, "Hurry up there, boy." Not a trace of fatigue showed in his brown face, and he contentedly chewed gum and called out to his companion as around he went, with still sixty miles to do and that monstrous pile of work behind him. When he gets drowsy, in the still night hours, the trainer gives him a poke and wakes him up. Just think of it, you twenty-five mile cyclists, you century men, and feel your backs ache and your muscles cramp at the idea. A thousand miles around a quarter-mile track, and a smile and a joke at the end of it.

Every time I take up a book in which a man writes of the inner life of a woman, I am filled with amazement and a little over-filled with amusement. They know us, bless you! and it's a queer study we may make of ourselves as each of our leading novelists imagines us. Once in a while a man writes of a woman just as he would of a man, and trouble ensues. Generally he rigs up a wax figure, like the pretty bicycle lady at the Fair, and then sets her going, going, not getting any farther ahead, but going all the same. Do you know what the late Robert Louis Stevenson gave as his reason for not writing of women? "I do not care," he said in substance, "to present women in the stereotyped way, and if I attempted to do so I should have no better success than the ordinary writer. On the other hand, I cannot present women in the way I should like to do, for if I did, my readers would not stand it. Therefore I have thought it best to leave them out of my books entirely." And I am fain to wonder with a vague sense of loss what was the way in which this chivalrous gentleman would have liked to write of us.

Autumn Hints.

ROUGH-surfaced woollens are imported for the first autumn gowns. These come with knotted bourette threads and in boucle effects in loops of mohair; also in irregular weaving so open that it seems too sleazy and light for winter gowns. This light weight is, however, well considered in view of the heavy silk linings and other accessories of soft woollen skirts. New Scotch tweeds are a melange of colors without the suggestions of checks used in summer tweeds. The quiet and grave grounds of brown, gray, or mixed black and white are enlivened by occasional threads of bright green, vivid red, or glowing orange.

One of the most novel effects among the importations is a wool fabric resembling Turkish towelling, the threads projecting from the surface very thickly, and divided by stripes or slender lines of plush, or velvet placed an inch and a half apart. These are very attractive in violet or damson shades striped with bright green velvet, or in golden-brown wool with dull green plush lines. That there may be variety in winter outfits, some very soft and fine camel-hair twills are imported in plaids not too large and usually of a single color, mordore, prune, or green with black. Other twills of dark ground have a design of dia-

Too Bad.



He—That Miss Pry seems very inquisitive. She—Yes, they say that when she came it positively made her ill because she couldn't tell what the wild waves were saying.

(Copyrighted.)

monds, or of stripes in black mohair loops that are as glossy as silk. Mediterranean blue with black, plum-color and black, and the popular green or brown with black are the combinations most used in these boucle wools.

While there is a great deal of color in the new fabrics, it is said in Paris that a great deal of black will be worn. And this will be true especially of very elegant dresses, as of rich brocades in very large figures most elaborately trimmed with jet. Among some Paris dresses sent over for the demi-season are black gowns spangled all over. The fabric is Brussels net, to which the glittering paillettes are made to adhere, and they are mounted on very rich black silks. Fancy silks for trimming dress waists and for making separate waists come in cashmere designs of many colors very intricately blended. They will brighten up the most sombre woollen fabric, and will be worn with skirts of black satin, peau de soie, or wool.

Those who suppose ostrich-feather boas have had their day of favor have underrated their becomingness. The ingenious French dealers in feathers now make the boa extremely full in the back, slightly smaller where it meets at the throat, and though they commend shorter boas than those of last year, they add three little tips well curled as a finish to each end. Moreover, they have other new fancies, notably that of adding a little collet below the boa, a simple transparent frill of chiffon accordeon-pleated, and finished all along its edges with bits of ostrich tips. These are extremely pretty for the evening when white throughout, or else when entirely black. They are also made with a black boa and white chiffon pleating, the white edge finished with white feathers.

An extremely elegant little affair for slight protection on cool days is a short collet or cape of black ostrich feathers, fifteen lengthwise in a row below a boa, the long feathers spreading out slightly over the back and sleeves in full cape fashion. This requires an immense boa as far as the neck is concerned, but it should reach only to the waist, and be completed by small tips very much curled. The mediocrity of ostrich feathers is commended to those who like the neck well protected and becomingly dressed. Those imported are formed of very tiny and perfect tips that flare above and below, and are tied in front with long satin ribbons.

New ribbons for trimming hats are of the warp printed silk, with the designs small and close. As has already been said, wide ribbons will be used, measuring from five to seven inches. Black satin ribbons have what milliners call mousseline back, like dull fine repped silk. The gayest cashmere designs are on satin ribbons for autumn hats, and are striped with black velvet. Other cashmere ribbons have plain edges of satin. The printed antique velvets already described are also seen in ribbons. Still another new thing in taffeta ribbons are stripes and checks on chameleon grounds. Yellow is a favorite color in demi-season gowns, and will be much used in ribbons and silks of cashmere pattern, some having the genuine Spanish yellow, which forms an effective background. Velvets of extra width are imported for cutting the full circular capes without seams. It is said more velvet will be used in millinery than for many winters. Straws and steel ornaments will continue in use in buckles rather larger than good taste suggests. Buttons that look like brooches, made of Parisian diamonds, will be used for Louis XVI. hats and coats.

LA MODE.

Your Skirt Will Never Drag Down

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Rheumatism Conquered.

A Great Advance in Medical Science.

A Discovery Which This Painful Disease Cannot Resist—Mr. B. Blasdel, of Paris, Ont., Relates His Experience With the Cure.

Rheumatism has long baffled the medical profession. Medicine for external and internal use has been produced, plasters tried, electricity experimented with, hot and cold baths and a thousand other things tried, but without avail. Rheumatism still held the fort, making the life of its victims one of misery and pain. The first real step toward conquering rheumatism was made when the preparation known as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People was discovered, and since that time thousands have testified to their wonderful efficacy in this, as well as in other troubles, the origin of which may be traced to the blood.

Among those who speak in the highest terms of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is Mr. Blasdel, of this town, who is known not only to all our citizens but to residents of this section, and he is as highly esteemed as he is widely known. To the editor of the *Review* Mr. Blasdel recently said: "I have reason to speak in terms of the warmest praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as they not only saved me a big doctor's bill but have restored me to health, which was impaired by rheumatism and neuralgia. These troubles were, I think, the after effects of an attack of measles. After the latter trouble had disappeared I felt an awful pain in my head, neck, and down my back. I tried a number of remedies, but without effect. I was then advised by Mrs. Horning of Copetown, who had been cured of paralysis by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, to give them a trial. I followed her advice, and after using a box or two I began to feel much better, and with their continual use I constantly improved in health, and am now feeling better than I have done before in ten years. I am satisfied that but for the timely use of Pink Pills I would today have been a physical wreck, living a life of constant pain, and I cannot speak too highly of their curative powers, or recommend them too strongly to other sufferers. I cheerfully give permission to publish my statement in the hope that some other sufferer may read and profit by it."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., these pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excesses, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail postpaid, at 50c a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

A Friend of the Dog.

During the last legislative session at Tallahassee, a bill was introduced providing for the prompt slaughter of rabid dogs. The reading clerk had just read the title when an old gentleman, a representative from one of the interior counties, arose, and with great gravity and dignity said: "Mr. Speaker, I am opposed to that bill. I am opposed to it, because I don't see why rabbit dogs should be killed

any quicker than any other kind of dogs. I've got a rabbit dog. He ain't much on looks, but I tell you when that dog gets on a hot trail in the broom-sedge, and a little later you hear his voice a-yelping in a high key and the yelps gettin' fainter and fainter, till by and bye you can just hear 'em down in the holler, and you go there and see a little, bench-legged, yellin' rascal barkin', his eyes bright and his forehead wrinkled with excitement, under a sartin' tree, jes' you get a long pole, and meat is your'n for dinner." There was breathless silence during this eloquent appeal on behalf of the "rabbit" dog. When it had been concluded, others rose up and paid glowing tributes to the qualities of rabbit dogs they owned. The bill was killed by a large majority.

A Member of the Ontario Board of Health Says:

"I have prescribed Scott's Emulsion in consumption, and even when the digestive powers were weak it has been followed by good results." H. P. YEOMANS, A.B., M.D.

Cobbie—I don't think the landlord of the Ocean Bar House liked what I said to him before I went in bathing. Stone—What was that? Cobbie—I asked him if there were any other sharks around.

The Wabash Railroad

is acknowledged by travelers to be the shortest, best and quickest line from Canada to Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Mexico, California and all west and south-west points. Its train equipment is superlatively the finest in America. It is the great trunk line that passes through six States of the Union and makes direct connection with one hundred and nineteen other railroads. See that your ticket reads via Wabash. Time tables and all particulars from any railway agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, N. E. cor. King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

MILES' (CANADIAN) VEGETABLE
"HEALTH FOR THE MOTHER SEX" COMPOUND

This is the message of hope to every afflicted and suffering woman in Canada. Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound is the only specific for diseases peculiar to women which can and does effect a complete cure. Prolapsus, Uteri, Leucorrhoea, and the PAIN to which every woman is PERIODICALLY subject, yield to Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound, entirely and always. Price 75c. For sale by every druggist in this broad land. Letters of enquiry from suffering women, addressed to the "A. M. C." Medicine Co., Montreal, marked "Personal," will be opened and answered by a lady correspondent and will not go beyond the hands and eyes of one of "the mother sex."

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"Do you know which face impresses me most?" said a friend as we sat looking at Choosing the Bride. "It is the face of the Czar himself." In speaking of this painting we only regret that we speak too late to influence anyone to go and see it, for both it and Breaking the Home Ties are worth long study, whether for technical merits or for the story they tell. The contrast in subject could scarcely be greater than between the almost barbaric splendor and gorgeousness of the Russian court and the homely scene in an American farmhouse, and yet each is so full of human interest, has in it so much that calls forth one's sympathies. Choosing the Bride was painted by Constantin Makoffsky for its owner, Mr. C. W. Schuman of New York, six months before the time agreed on for executing the commission. Two months of this time went by before the work began, and then, after making many color studies, which also became the property of Mr. Schuman and have since been sold, all was in readiness and the painting proceeded rapidly, and was completed within the required time. One can see on close inspection that there is little elaborated work; the greater part has not been touched a second time. The arrangement of the figures is both symmetrical and natural; the group of court beauties on the left is well relieved by the rich darkness of the background, while on the other hand both the tutor and two courtiers to the right stand out strongly from the light windows. The interest is carried on to the main actor, the Czar, who, as he takes the ring from the plate held out by the tutor, eagerly scans the faces before him until his eyes rest on the one he seeks, while she falls back fainting into the arms of her faithful nurse. The scene refers to an event in Russian history which is familiar to most of us by this time. The color throughout is glowing, rich, and always harmonious, as, for instance, the arrangement at the dais of the crimson plush carpet, the white and gold robe worn by the Czar and the green of the tutor's next. The solidity and strength of the work and the ease of execution are readily felt. There is a marked similarity in the faces, not of form or feature, but of type. Turning next to the home scene on the opposite wall, how well the two figures stand out from all else—the careworn mother, with face troubled and anxious, yet full of love, as she stands with her hand on her boy's shoulder, looking up into his face, for now he is taller than she! He tries to look stoical—what boy ever wanted to show all he felt at such a time! The father carries out the carpet bag (it would be hard to find one now-a-days!), every line of his figure is that of a man who knows hard work. The older brother can be seen through the open door waiting with whip in hand, one little sister leans against the doorway with hands behind in a dejected way, and the other seems to be trying to hide her emotion by patting the dog while she holds a parcel and umbrella for the traveler. It struck me the grandmother's expression was rather one of grim satisfaction. All the details of the picture are in keeping with a farmhouse interior, and without any explanation the story is told completely, satisfyingly. It was rather amusing to hear someone behind telling his companion, "Oh, yes, that is painted by a German; let me see, the man who painted The Blacksmith; he is dead, for I remember that was framed in black last year." I should like to have turned to see the person who had so successfully evaded all information on the subject. The other two pictures in this room by A. J. Alvasovsky, a View of Naples by Moonlight and Venice at Sunset, have many fine qualities, but the values in the latter are incorrect; the pictures impress one as studio work.

Mr. C. M. Manly has spent some time in London, among other things "doing" the picture galleries, and declares the Royal Academy the best. He writes from Christchurch, Hants, to a friend here, that three weeks of rainy weather is rather discouraging to an artist who is anxious to do some real work in the picturesque old town. He says: "It would puzzle a quaker to tell the descriptive truth about the bill of fare dished up to long suffering Englishmen these recent weeks of rain; the poor souls go wild over something like a fine day and even then are not content, but swear it is frightfully hot and stuffy, while I revel in the fleeting warmth." Mr. Manly expects to spend a few days in Salisbury, and then on to Devon.

How She Does It.

A lady and gentleman were discussing the relative merits of men and women in the science of logic.

"A great writer tells us that no woman reasons," said the gentleman.

"How, then, does a woman reach a conclusion?" his friend asked.

"Oh, grasshopper fashion, of course," he replied.

Medical Testimony.

Reputable medical men will rarely allow their names to be published endorsing any special form of medical treatment. Often, however, there may be found at Lakehurst, Institute, Oakville, members of the "nobles of the profession" who, being but human, have themselves fallen victims to alcohol. One of these recounts his experience and observation thus: "From my own case and others I have observed, I have no hesitation in saying that your method of treatment is eminently successful. I was greatly surprised to see men of fifty years and over who had been for many years addicted to the excessive use of alcohol, in the course of five or six days eating heartily, sleeping well, with no desire for alcohol, and with a feeling of mental and bodily vigor not experienced for years—this I consider really wonderful." We might add that these results are mainly due to the care and judgment exercised in each individual case entrusted to us—features seldom discoverable in other institutions having similar objects. Full information, 28 Bank of Commerce Building, Toronto.

The Dancer's Ovation.



1. Miss Foot Flinger receives a handsome square floral design after her famous dance.



2. Rushing behind the scenes she makes it a diamond shape, and—



3. Has it passed over the footlights again, amid thundering applause.



4. Then dexterously twisting it, it comes over the footlights again.



5. One more twist makes it round, and—



6. The next day, critics speak of "the five magnificent floral tributes."

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To Catch Them Both.

Indianapolis Journal.
"I think I shall try the two volume system with my next novel," said Timmins.
"Isn't that sort of thing out of date?" asked Simmon.

"But this is a new scheme. I'm going to marry them off happily at the end of the first volume in the good old style, you know. That will catch the mothers. In the second volume the villain, the elopement and the divorce appear. That will catch the daughters. Isn't that great?"

Would be Taken on Trial.

Pasob.
Old Blondy—So you want to marry my daughter, eh? What's your salary?
Perkins (after a long thought)—Well, try me for three months, and if I'm not satisfactory you needn't pay me anything.

The Lady of the House.

Detroit Free Press.
"Could I see the lady of the house?" asked one of the boldest and bravest of the book agent guild after he had tripped airily up the steps of a Detroit dwelling-house and had brought a small, delicate woman to the door by a vigorous ring of the bell.

"I guess you kin see her if you ain't blind," she said calmly. "She's standin' right before you at the present time and anything you hev to say to her must be said right where she stands, for you don't get inter this house to mebbe leave disease behind you after going into all sorts of places, as you agents do. I've read that that's one way so many contagious diseases git spread, and I ain't a doubt but it's true. We had a nine weeks' siege of scarlet fever in this house, and it broke out just eight days after we'd been fools enough to buy a book of an agent, and I always did believe and always will believe that it come into the house along with that book, for it had pictures in it and all the children handled it, so they did, and I'll go to my grave believing that we got the disease that way and I burnt the blamed book up in the furnace, although it was like locking the stable after the horse was stolen, but then it won't be exposing any other children to the disease, for I wouldn't be willing to inflict a thing of that sort on my worst enemy. You may think I'm lying, but I wouldn't, and if I—"
"But, madam—"
"The price of the things we had to burn up and destroy would have paid for fifty good books at a bookstore where they wouldn't have been alive with disease germs and where a body'd know what they was gittin'. It stands to reason that you agents who are out and in everywhere must be exposed to disease every day of your liver, and I'd thank you to stand a little farther back from the door, particularly as the wind is blowing this way, for if diphtheria or anything of that sort should break

out in the house any time within a week I'd feel dead sure you fetched it here and I'd sue you just as sure as it did, for I can—going, are you? You might as well, and if I was you I'd engage in some work in which I'd feel I wasn't endangering precious human lives by scattering pestilence over the earth. I would!"

Called Back.



Pickpocket—Watch me escape.



But the stretching suspenders soon—



brought him—



to time.

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LONDON
ALE AND STOUT

AWARDED
GOLD MEDAL

AT SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., 1894

Besides 9 Other GOLD SILVER and BRONZE Medals

AT THE WORLD'S GREAT EXHIBITIONS



From the Man Under Water.

You don't mind taking a lesson, do you, provided it is short and doesn't oblige you to study hard? "No, We thought not. We must always be learners, you know; never get too old or too wise for that. Well then, here it is.

Perhaps you have seen one of these professional divers go down into the water to inspect a sunken wreck or to search for something that has dropped in. He gets inside of his ugly-looking case, or water proof armor, claps on his head-piece and down he goes; out of sight and hearing in half a minute—down among the ruck and mud at the bottom. Of course they have to keep pumping air down to him through the hose or he would suffocate right out of hand. But when he wants more air, or less, or wants to be hauled up, how is he to let the men on the dock or in the boat know? You answer me like the click of a gun lock: "He will signal with the cord he holds in his hand." Right.

Now for the application. You will see what we mean before we get the words written; some scholars are so bright and quick.

Here is a letter from Mr. George Bullock, of Manor Farm, South Stoke, Oxon, in which he says that he was ill more or less fifteen years. "I had," he says, "a bad, sour taste in the mouth, a rough and thickly coated tongue, poor appetite, and pain in the chest and between the shoulder blades after eating. I was also much troubled with nausea and windy spasms. I had a nasty hacking cough, and in a morning I spat up quantities of thick phlegm. My breathing was very hard and difficult. On and off I consulted doctor after doctor, but their medicines did me no good, and so I continued to suffer year after year. My wife and other relatives thought I was in a consumption and must soon die of that fatal disease."

Mr. Bullock, who is a large farmer, well known and highly respected throughout his district, is a well man now, but before we speak of that part of his case we will hear a word from Mr. Moses Copley of Ledsham, Yorkshire, who will help to illustrate our lesson.

"For twenty years," says Mr. Copley—writing under date of February 9th, 1893—"I suffered from a hacking cough which everyone said would take me to the grave, as nothing that I used to cure it did any good." In other respects Mr. Copley's illness was just the same as Mr. Bullock's. He could eat little, had pain and weight at the chest and sides, was tormented with heartburn, and was often sick—throwing up a sour fluid. As time went on he got weak and feeble—just as we should expect. How could it have been otherwise? If a man can't eat and digest his food his strength will all die out of him, of course. You can't keep on getting water out of your well if none ever gets in. A boy who hasn't yet learned his letters can see that.

But here is the question we must have an answer to: What makes a person cough? "He can't help it," you would say. Beg pardon, but while that is true it is not an answer. Wait a moment now. Let us get back to our man under the water, our diver, you know. What makes him pull the cord? You can answer that as easily as you pull on your old shoes. The diver pulls his cord to let the men above him know what condition he is in down there and what he wants done. Precisely. Now, all the organs inside of your body—the stomach, bowels, lungs, liver, etc., are like men under the water. When anything ails them they must let you know somehow, so as to get help. The cords they pull we call pains and symptoms of disease. They are not diseases though—remember that! We have the idea now all pat and plain. The cough which worried our two friends was the pulling of a cord to let them, or their doctors, know they were suffering from indigestion and dyspepsia. It was the stomach, not the lungs, that was in trouble. The other symptoms showed that. Consumptives commonly have good appetites, and no pains. Do you see?

Well, both Mr. Bullock and Mr. Copley finally took Mother Selkel's Curative Syrup and soon got rid of the indigestion and dyspepsia and everything that belonged to it, cough and all. The stomach was all right and sent up no more signals. Unlike the diver the stomach never wants to be pulled up. Here ends the lesson.

Carruthers—Were you really as drunk as you seemed last night? Walter—Well, that depends; I was not as drunk as I seemed to you, and a great deal drunker than I seemed to myself.

Sunday-school teacher—Tell me something about the lesson, Johnnie. Johnnie—Well, the Lord asked Cain where was his brother Abel, and Cain said, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Sunday-school teacher—That is right, Johnnie; but what do you suppose Cain meant when he said, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Johnnie—Well, I don't know, unless he was just sassing the Lord.

My Baby

was a living skeleton; the doctor said he was dying of Marasmus and Indigestion. At 13 months he weighed only seven pounds. Nothing strengthened or fattened him. I began using Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites, feeding it to him and rubbing it into his body. He began to fatten and is now a beautiful dimpled boy. The Emulsion seemed to supply the one thing needful.

Mrs. KENYON WILLIAMS, May 21, 1894. Cave Springs, Ga.

Similar letters from other mothers.

Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute! Scott & Bowne, Belleville. 50c. and \$1.

Thought She Was a Liar.

Mrs. Paton, the Scotch missionary's wife, in one of her letters from the New Hebrides humorously describes the simple-hearted astonishment of the natives at some of the wonderful things shown them by their new teachers:

Two rooms have been added to our island home, one a little study, which has to serve also as a drawing-room. The natives call this the Great House and are perfectly lost when they get inside, four rooms being quite too much for their comprehension. And although they saw them being built, they ask in each room, with bewildered faces, whether they are north, south, east or west.

Sometimes we have to take them through the house several times in a day, and it is genuine fun to watch them—a perpetual play. Some of the scenes are truly dramatic. One fellow, the other day, got so fantastically excited when I set the sewing machine going that he performed a war dance in the middle of the floor, flung his arms all about and called lustily for his dead father.

A skeleton timepiece, under a glass shade, comes in for a large amount of interest. They will stand and watch the pendulum go for ever so long and ask all sorts of questions. "The path of the sun" was what they called it, after we had explained how the hands and figures indicated the sun's course in the heavens.

Yesterday I tried to explain that it was the earth and not the sun that was going around, but was promptly informed that I was a liar!

Short Journeys on a Long Road

Is the characteristic title of a profusely illustrated book containing over one hundred pages of charmingly written descriptions of summer resorts in the country north and west of Chicago. The reading matter is new, the illustrations are new, and the information therein will be new to almost everyone.

A copy of Short Journeys on a Long Road will be sent free to anyone who will enclose ten cents (to pay postage) to Geo. H. Heafford, general passenger agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Chicago, Ill.

Wife—It's the little things that worry. Husband—Especially when there are six of them.

Master (despatching a note)—On the way you pass a public house. Man (eagerly)—Yes, sir. Master—Well, pass it.

He (on the hotel piazza)—These electric lights are very unreliable. She—That's so. A girl never knows what minute she's going to be kissed.

Mamma—What can we do to cure that boy of fighting? Look at those two black eyes. Papa—Well, the matter seems to be in fairly competent hands.

"Those two pugilists had a lively set-to last night," remarked the sporty citizen. "I didn't see it," was the reply; "I was there, but I thought the fun was pretty slow." "Oh, it was after that the scrap occurred. They got into a disagreement over the gate receipts."

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DISTRESS AFTER EATING
HEARTBURN
SOOR STOMACH
FLATULENCY

THERE IS NOTHING LIKE



A TEST PROVES IT THE BEST
K. D. C. PILLS
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CURE CONSTIPATION

B. LINDMAN, owner of the Wilkeson Press, the only true that will cure HEMORRHOIDS permanently, has his office in the Room House Block, Toronto.

Those wearing Tuxedos, and also physicians are invited to examine this great boon for the ruptured.

James' Cleaning and Dyeing Works
of 153 Richmond Street West, have opened a BRANCH OFFICE AT 326 YONGE ST.
Where they will be happy to greet new and old customers. All orders promptly executed. Read Office telephone.

Dry Kindling Wood
Delivered any address, 8 cords \$1.00; 12 cords \$1.50. A cord! This is as much as a barrel.

HARVEY & CO., 20 Sheppard Street
Telephone 1870 or send Post Card

Music.

THE first Saengerfest of the Canadian Saengerbund was held in this city on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of the present week. Of special interest among the many events of the Fest was the concert in Massey Music Hall on the first evening of the gathering. The programme was made up of several choruses by the combined singing societies from Hamilton, Berlin, Waterloo, Montreal and Toronto, numbering, all told, about eighty-five voices; besides which the separate organizations in turn rendered a chorus each, and solos were contributed by Miss Adele Strauss, mezzo-soprano, and Mr. E. W. Schuch, baritone. The massed choruses were, generally speaking, given with very good effect, although an improvement in quality of tone and intonation might well have been aimed at in the preparation of the works produced. The Waterloo and Toronto societies in their individual capacity also sang with good spirit and in very creditable style their respective selections. The Hamilton and Berlin choruses, however, became almost hopelessly involved in the harmonic intricacies of the numbers chosen by them, and gave many evidences of having been sadly overweighed and unfortunate in the selections of their pieces. These points it would be well to bear in mind for future gatherings. Simple choruses within the compass of the voices, if well rendered, constitute a much greater artistic triumph than some heavier work sung in a helpless and half-hearted manner and plainly beyond the ability of those taking part in it. Miss Strauss in the soprano solo work of Lund's splendid German song, as well as in the Gluck Recitative and Aria, sang with splendid effect, displaying throughout a voice of excellent quality and an artistic style which at once appealed to the audience present. In response to an enthusiastic encore she sang with equal success a charming German Lied. Mr. Schuch was also warmly received and sang with much vigor and stirring effect in the German song, and with excellent expression and sympathy the beautiful baritone solo from Scheffé's Trumpeter von Saekkingen. As an encore number he gave the well known German Drinking Song. The accompanists were Mrs. Haskett and Mr. W. H. Hewlett. The band of the Royal Grenadiers also assisted in the accompaniments to several choral numbers and played two concert selections as well.

Miss Minnie E. Topping has returned home from her holiday touring and resumed classes at the Metropolitan College of Music (Ltd.). Miss Topping created a most favorable impression by her work in the west end of the city last season, and from present indications the present season will be a busy one for her, both in concert work and in teaching.

Mr. H. M. Field resumed his classes in pianoforte playing last week. Mr. Field will be heard in concert work frequently during the season, both as a soloist and in connection with several ensemble organizations which are preparing for the year's work.

Owing to strong inducements which have been held out to Mr. W. E. Haslam of New York to again settle in Toronto, this well known vocal master has decided to return to this city and permanently locate here. Mr. Haslam left for New York on Wednesday of last week to complete his arrangements for removing to Toronto, and it is expected that he will be ready to resume instruction here by October 1. The large number of pupils who have already registered with Mr. Haslam for the coming season is practical evidence of the respect in which he is held in musical circles here, and of the undoubted success which attended his labors in Toronto some years ago as a vocal master.

Mr. G. H. Ozburn, the popular soloist and teacher, is organizing a mandolin and guitar club at the Metropolitan School of Music. Evening rehearsals, if informed, will begin as soon as cool weather sets in. There will be no membership fee, but applicants for admission will be required to possess some slight degree of proficiency as players.

There is at present an opening for an organist and choirmaster in one of the most influential Presbyterian churches in Western Ontario. In a letter received from one of the officials of the church the wish is expressed that the editor of this column might interest himself in assisting the church in procuring just such a man as would best fill all the requirements. From personal knowledge of the situation and the field generally I am certain that there are comparatively young men, with proper qualifications and necessary ambition and push, to receive the appointment, it would prove to be one of the most promising and satisfactory in Ontario. A smart city, a good field for teaching for a thoroughly equipped piano teacher, with a wealthy and influential congregation at his back, willing and able to actively support the right man, the prospects appear to me to be unusually bright for any one worthy of the position. I shall be pleased to give further information on the subject to any prospective candidates for the vacant situation, and would advise prompt application for the same.

Mr. J. D. A. Tripp resumed his classes in piano playing last week. Mr. Tripp is actively engaged reorganizing the Male Chorus Club for this season's work and reports the prospects for the coming year as most encouraging. A large number of applications for membership are being received from a good class of vocalists and an excellent list of works has been chosen for study.

The musical season proper will be inaugurated by a concert of the first rank. Manager Suckling of Massey Hall has engaged company of artists, which, as an aggregation, has never been surpassed in this city. Melba, star of first magnitude in the company, is recognized as the greatest concert singer now before the public. She commands the highest figures now being paid any concert vocalist and is everywhere regarded as the legitimate successor of once peerless Patti. Besides Melba,

The Place Suited.



Mrs. Hunnimon—Well, Mary, how do you like this place?
Mary—Very well, mum. When I told some of me friends that I was comin' here, they said I could never get along wid your husband; but I think he's just splendid.

such names as Campanari, Baummeister and D'Aubigne are sufficient to conjure up delightful anticipations of the rare musical treat now awaiting the citizens of Toronto and surrounding country. A large number of subscribers have already sent in their names for this event, the date of which has been fixed at October 7.

The first rehearsal of the Mendelssohn Choir for this season will be held on Monday evening, September 30. All applications for membership should be in and voices tested before that date. From the enthusiasm of the membership and officials of the society one may safely predict an enjoyable and successful year for the chorus. The music chosen for the first concert is admirably varied and well calculated to show to best advantage the exceptionally fine material of which the Choir is composed.

The Metropolitan School of Music (Ltd.), 1494-96 Queen street west, re-opened its doors for the current year on September 2, since when a large number of pupils have registered. Mr. W. O. Forsyth, the musical director, makes a point of carefully grading those who study in classes, and as he will personally supervise the work of the teachers and the progress of pupils, a satisfactory assurance is given that the best interests of the latter are well provided for. The board of directors of the Metropolitan is a careful and energetic one, and by its apparent activity and enterprise seems determined to exercise a most beneficial effect in the cause of art in Canada.

Miss A. E. S. Hart has returned to Toronto from Europe, after several years of study under some of the most eminent masters on the Continent, including Liszt, the famous instructor of Paderewski. Miss Hart has opened a studio at Messrs. Nordheimer's, King street east, where she will be prepared to receive a limited number of pupils in pianoforte playing. This talented young lady will also be heard in concert work during the season.

The position of examiner in the pianoforte department of Pickering College has been offered to and accepted by Mr. J. D. A. Tripp of the Conservatory of Music staff. One of the most interesting musical exhibits at the Industrial Fair, which closed yesterday, was that of Mr. Joseph Hugill, the well known maker and repairer of violins, violas, cellos, mandolins and guitars. This gentleman has had over forty years' experience in his special line of work and keeps on hand an excellent assortment of hand-made violins and violas for sale. In the repairing of old violins he has earned an enviable reputation for his work.

Mr. Arthur E. Fisher, principal of the Theoretical Department of the Toronto College of Music, has resumed his classes for the season. All communications relative to lessons, etc., should be addressed to Dominion Chambers, Spadina Avenue.

I have received from the Messrs. O. Ditson Company, Boston, two excellent songs composed by Mr. Hastings Webby, entitled "The Heart of a Soldier" and "A Serenade." Both songs are admirably treated and can be heartily recommended to local vocalists as worthy of addition to their respective repertoires.

I am informed that a number of ensemble concert organizations are forming for the season's work. Prominent among these will be the Beethoven Trio. In connection with this organization, in the personnel of which there is likely to be a change, a quartette and quintette are also being talked of.

Berkeley street Methodist church choir will give a service of song Sunday evening, September 15, when they will be assisted by Mr. Will McKendry, a pupil of Mrs. J. W. Bradley, who will sing Adams' Holy City. MODERATO.

A Generous Child.

A few days ago I ran in to see a woman friend of mine—one of those dear, conventional women who take life seriously and wouldn't do an unusual thing for half your kingdom. While we were talking my friend's little daughter came into the room. She sidled shyly up to her mother.
"Mamma," she said, "may I go down to Mamie's just a minute?"
The day was cloudy and the mother demurred. The little girl insisted.

"I have to go, mamma," she said.
"Why, dear?" asked her mother.
The little girl hesitated a moment and then, to her ultra-peculiar mother's dismay, she cheerfully explained:
"Why," she said, "I lent Mamie my chewing-gum last night and I want it myself now."

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Director of Music Kingston Ladies' College.
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Lord Dunraven often in people's lovelest homes the west of Ireland Shannon river one of the slight ball-room, with mansion, with gallery. The directly through call it, dancing, those parts, which catch fish in the hospitalities of upon some of memory.

The Beethoven composed of Bath, violoncello. It is intended Quartette Club, management as

The humors climax on farm than any little occurrence on Wednesday, suburban lady side glance at a out to see the started a quick from top to bottom in hearing the rout was co

Mr. and Mrs. their post-nuptial Wednesday from home, 112 Avenue

Mrs. William her little son Stevens of 387

Mrs. R. A. C. up her little son parents, Mr. a Sherbourne str

Mrs. Leclair the guests of street.

Mrs. Conolly W. Stewart of Mr. and Mrs. Island.

Mr. F. J. Ba turned home o

Quite the cut come from the ford purse, str Cleveland fob with a tiny pal perhaps the p also a very tal much to the pu

Mrs. Tate Bl days. Mr. Bl proved, I am father on Hom

A Gynkasal Oct. 5, in Ham tobramses a are to run for and it is hoped who were such be induced to other contests.

Mr. and Mrs street returned a delightful ment.

Mr. Roderic Mrs. Elizabeth married in C noon. It was the newly mar London on a v for their new McLennan is an athlete and un

Sir Hibbert D. Balfour, S visitors to the Judge Morg Paris.

Mr. and Mrs Mrs. James smart horse l Wednesday, hundred and

He was a ty and seemingly sat munching went house o ing. As I sat "Well, how "All right," "Father in "Yes, he's board and cl the Island for "And your suppose?" "She did," "Then you "Yes, I sh self to day," "Where ha "Oh, I got luffed when m "You seem ily," I said, a haven't seen who hangs o peeting him "Yes, and "If I'm al us, but if y together." "I gave him merit, and r ward.

Social and Personal.

Lord Dunraven, whose name has been so often in people's mouths of late, has one of the loveliest homes conceivable near Limerick in the west of Ireland, known as Adair. The Shannon river runs through his estate, and one of the sights of said property used to be the ball-room, built some distance from the mansion, with which it connects by a very long gallery. The Shannon in its course flows directly through the ball-room, or, as we should call it, dancing pavilion, and, as one is told in those parts, when the tide is up the gentry catch fish in the ball-room. The charming hospitalities of Adair have been bestowed upon some of us and have left an unfading memory.

The Beethoven Trio Club will this season be composed of Mr. H. M. Field, pianist; Herr Rath, violoncellist; and Mrs. Adamson, violinist. It is intended to form a Beethoven String Quartette Club, which will be under the same management as that of the Trio.

The humors of the Exhibition reach their climax on farmers' day. Everything is funnier than any other time. A most amusing little occurrence was seen on the promenade on Wednesday, when a very much gotten-up suburban lady loudly exclaimed with a sly side glance at an antiquated passer-by, "We're not to see the sights." The antiquated female darted a quick, contemptuous glance at her, from top to toe, and emphatically snapped, "Go you and look in the glass then." Everyone in hearing laughed a ten-acre guffaw and the rout was complete.

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Williams, jr., will hold their post-nuptial receptions next Tuesday and Wednesday from 3 till 6 p.m., at their new home, 112 Avenue road.

Mrs. William Wallace of Orangeville and her little son are guests of Mrs. Charles B. Stevens of 387 Wellesley street this week.

Mrs. R. A. Carter of Montreal has brought up her little daughter on a visit to her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Pearson of 546 Sherbourne street.

Miss Leclair and Miss Ross of Montreal are the guests of Miss Margaret Ross of Wood street.

Mrs. Conolly of Dunnville and Mr. Albert W. Stewart of Dallas, Texas, are staying with Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Stewart at Center Island.

Mr. F. J. Ramsey, reeve of Dunnville, who has been in town for the past few days, returned home on Thursday.

Quite the cutest souvenirs of the Exhibition come from the bicycle exhibitors. The Brantford purse, strong and handsome, and the Cleveland fob-chain, in metal and blue enamel, with a tiny pair of handle-bars as a charm, are perhaps the prettiest of all. Mr. Hyslop has also a very taking *chansonette* which is very much to the purpose.

Mrs. Tate Blackstock was in town for a few days. Mr. Blackstock was sufficiently improved, I am told, to come for a visit to his father on Homewood avenue.

A gymnast is being arranged for an early date, Oct. 5, in Hamilton and promises great interest to horsemen and women. I hear special cars are to run for horses and riders from Toronto, and it is hoped the fair handsome horsewomen who were such a card at the Horse Show will be induced to participate in the jumping and other contests.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan A. Rose of 39 St. Mary's street returned on Thursday of last week after a delightful trip to England and the Continent.

Mr. Roderick McLennan of Winnipeg and Miss Elizabeth Macdonald of Parkdale were married in Cooke's church last Wednesday noon. It was a traveling-dress wedding and the newly married took the train at once for London on a visit to relatives before leaving for their new home in the North-West. Mr. McLennan is a well known lacrosse player and athlete and universally liked.

Sir Hibbert and Lady Tupper and Hon. W. D. Balfour, S.O.L., were among this week's visitors to the Fair.

Judge Morgan has returned from a visit to Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, the Misses Beatty, Mrs. James Carruthers and many another smart horse-lover were in the grand stand on Wednesday, while the mercury rose to one hundred and six. It was a warm spot.

A Pugilistic Lot.

Detroit Free Press.

He was a typical gamin—ragged, unwashed and seemingly taking a heap of comfort as he sat munching an apple on the steps of a tenement house on Elizabeth street the other evening. As I sat down beside him I asked: "Well, how are you getting along?" "All right," he replied. "Father in work?" "Yes, he's in work, but he only gets his board and clothes out of it. Dad's over on the island for sixty days for thumping' mam." "And your mother—she lives upstairs, I suppose?" "She did," he answered, "but she's doin' fifteen days' time for thumpin' me." "Then you are keeping house alone, eh?" "Yes, I shall be now. I just got home myself to-day." "Where have you been?" "Oh, I got five days for thumpin' a kid as luffed when ma was arrested." "You seem to be a thumping sort of family," I said, as he gnawed away at his apple. "Yes, I guess so," he replied, "and you haven't seen the hull of us yet. I've a brother who hangs out around the corner, and I'm expecting him along every minute." "Yes, and what will your brother do?" "If I'm alone he won't thump nobody but me, but if you are here he'll thump both of us together." I gave him a nickel cigar as a reward of merit, and moved on before the brother appeared.

Charley's Aunt. This unequalled farcical comedy will be presented at the Grand all next week with Arthur Larkin in the title role. This piece has had a wonderful success, being now in its third year in London, and running in Stockholm, Berlin, Florence, Vienna and Paris. It has had big runs in Australia and South Africa, and nothing, since The Private Secretary was new, has so amused America.

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WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY SEPT. 16

Matinee Wednesday and Saturday

INITIAL ENGAGEMENT OF

Frederic Bond and Company

Direct from Their Third Successful Stock Season at the Grand Opera House, Washington, D. C.

PRESENTING CHARLES MATTHEWS' THREE-ACT COMEDY

"My Awful Dad"

Seats Now On Sale. Telephone No. 319. Box Office Open From 9 a.m. to 10 p.m.

A GREAT MUSICAL TREAT ... GRATIS ...

PROF. H. ZICKEL, of Detroit, who is now delighting thousands on the Williams Grant Piano at Exhibition, will give a choice Recital of Classical and Popular Music, including his Ockoo Polka (introducing ockoo) at

THE R. S. Williams & Sons Co., Ltd., Warerooms 143 YONGE STREET On Saturday, 14th Inst., at 3 p.m. Admission free.

DENTISTRY.

DR. HAROLD CLARK DENTIST Tel. 1546 45 King Street West (Over Hooper's Drug Store), Toronto.

MALCOLM W. SPARROW, Dentist Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty N. W. Cor. Spadina Ave. and Queen Street, Toronto. TELEPHONE 2394.

DR. CHAS. J. RODGERS DENTIST Oddfellows' Building, cor. Yonge & College Sts.

MR. FRANKLIN J. ANDREWS, Dentist Room G, Confederation Life Building, Yonge and Richmond Streets, formerly Yonge and Queen Streets, Toronto. Telephone 1086.

MASSAGE.

MASSAGE—THOMAS J. R. COOK Graduate of West End Hospital, London, Eng. 304 KING STREET WEST References from leading physicians. Phone 1286.

MEDICAL.

JOHN B. HALL, M.D., Homoeopathist 326-328 Jarvis Street Diseases of Children and Nervous Diseases of men and women. Hours—11 to 12 a.m. and 4 to 6 p.m.

ARTISTS.

J. W. L. FORSTER ARTIST STUDIO 81 KING STREET EAST

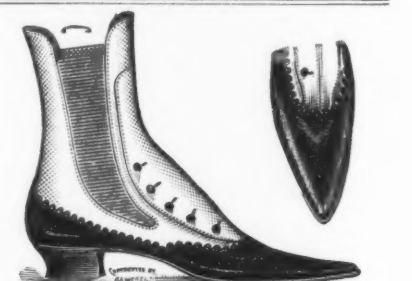
MISS EDITH HEMMING... ARTIST PORTRAITS AND MINIATURES Studio, 16 St. Joseph St., Toronto. Telephone 3746.

F. W. MICKLETHWAITE PHOTOGRAPHER Late of Corner Yonge and Temperance Streets HAS HIS GALLERY LOCATED AT

PORT SANDFIELD, Muskoka DURING THE SUMMER MONTHS

PROFESSIONAL.

SHERMAN E. TOWNSEND Public Accountant and Auditor Traders' Bank Chambers, Toronto. Phone 1644



NEW AND STYLISH SHOES AT W. L. WALLACE'S, 110 Yonge Street The "Trilby" Shoes in Tan and Black, B and C sizes. Buttons and Jetties in same style. A full range of Men's "Tobacco" Ties. All the newest goods and latest style. Patents and Enamelled Calf in Buttons and Laces.

Shoe Grievances As soon as vacation time is over your boots and shoes will need a thorough overhaul. Make no mistake.

H. & C. BLACHFORD can suit you in every way. Oxford Shoes for the Fall. Walking Boots of all weights. A fine selection of Overalls, Bicycle Leggings, in Black, Tan Blue. \$3 to \$9 King Street East Toronto

We Have on Hand Amongst other seasonable goods Men's Golf Boots

Men's Dongola Kid Oxford, razor toe; Men's Dongola Kid Oxford, new, wide toe; Men's Dongola Kid Pullman Slippers, black or tan, or the new wide toe; Men's Patent Calf, in Button, Balmoral, Congress and Oxford in turn and Goodyear welt. The J. D. KING CO., Ltd., 79 King Street East

TORONTO RAILWAY Service of Cars into the Parks

KING STREET CARS run to Balmoral Avenue, close to Victoria Park, every six minutes. Nearly all these cars are open. Connections are made at Woodbine gate with the Scarborough cars, which run direct to the park every fifteen minutes.

HIGH PARK.—There is a ten minute service on Carlton and College routes, and a ten minute service on College and Yonge, making a direct service of five minutes from College and Yonge into the park. Special cars may be chartered for school or church parties. School tickets are accepted for children at all hours during the summer season.

Niagara Falls Line DOUBLE TRIPS

EMPRESS OF INDIA & G. T. R.

Daily at 7.40 a.m. and 3.30 p.m., from foot of Yonge St. (west side), for St. Catharines, Niagara Falls and Buffalo, New York and all points East. Solid trains to Buffalo. Quick time. Every Saturday and Wednesday afternoon exceptions to St. Catharines, only 50c. round trip. Tickets at all G. T. R. and leading ticket offices and on wharf.

TORONTO SAVINGS & LOAN CO. Subscribed Capital..... \$1,000,000 Paid up Capital..... 600,000 FOUR PER CENT. interest allowed on deposits, and paid or compounded half-yearly. Money to lend. F. W. SCOTT, Secretary, 10 King Street West

TORONTO CARPET CLEANING CO. Office and Works—44 LOMBARD STREET. Telephone 3098.

Carpets taken up, Cleaned, Re-laid, or Made Over. New Carpets Sewed and Laid. Upholstery and Mattresses Re-upholstered. Furniture Repaired.

FRITZ & HUGHES BROS.

... Grand ... Millinery and Mantle Opening

R. Walker & Sons have the pleasure of informing the ladies of Toronto and the vicinity that on

Tuesday Next, September 17

they shall make a special display of all the latest novelties for the season of **Millinery and Mantles**. They sent a buyer for each of these departments to Europe this season specially to procure the smartest things shown in Paris, London and Berlin. They have taken great pains to place before you the very choicest styles that could be procured, and they appeal with confidence that you should visit them on this occasion, as the prices and styles are such as to be of great interest to every lady.

R. WALKER & SONS

33, 35, 37 39, 41 and 43 King St. East

MONTREAL EXPOSITION CO. THE MOST ATTRACTIVE EXHIBITION EVER HELD IN MONTREAL

12th to 21st SEPT., 1895

Grand Show of Live Stock. Gorgeous Horticultural Displays.

...BENCH SHOW OF DOGS...

Agricultural, Mechanical and Industrial Exhibition. Special Competition of Dairy Syndicates.

GRAND PLATFORM PERFORMANCES

WILD EAST SHOW—Genuine troop of Arabs.
WILD WEST SHOW—Life on the Prairies.
Balloon Ascensions, Parachute Leaps, Acrobats, Trapeists, Jugglers, Aerial Artists

MARVELOUS AND MOST WONDERFUL FEATS

ATLAS, The Champion Strong Man
MRS. CARLISLE, Famous Equestrienne.

BRILLIANT ILLUMINATIONS. SCENES IN FAIRY LAND.
Reduced Rates on all Railways and Boats. Rap'd Electric Car Service.

S. C. STEVENSON, Manager and Secretary, 76 St. Gabriel St., Montreal.

HEINTZMAN & CO. PIANOS

The Artistic Standard of the World

Have stood for nearly fifty years without a peer.

Played and endorsed by the world's most eminent musicians.

In the homes of the best families the Dominion over.

Recipients of medals, awards, diplomas, and kind words from thousands of Canadian citizens.

Over 12,000 pianos sold.

HEINTZMAN & CO.
117 King St. West, Toronto

Anxious for Fun.

Philadelphia Times.

"Let me tell you a good one on myself," said the professor when he got back home from his summer trip. "I was at Hot Springs for a week or two during my vacation, and every morning as I passed down the street to my bath a certain little boot-black on the corner accosted me with 'Shine, sir!' Now, my plan is to have my shoes polished only when they need it. So for a day or two I passed the little negro in silence. Toward the end of the week, however, I thought my shoes needed a little attention, and, feeling a bit lonely and anxious for some fun, I stopped when the boy sung out his usual salutation, and said, with as much ferocity as I could command: 'Look here, boy, you've been hallooing that at me for a week; now I'd like to know what you mean by it!'"

"Oh, nothin' tall, sir; nothin' tall. I dess wanted to blacken' your shoes, sir, the boy exclaimed eagerly."

"Oh, you want to blacken my shoes, do you, I said. 'Well, why didn't you say so?' Thereupon I sat down upon the stand and the little fellow gave me a pretty sleek shine. When it was over I got up without a word and started off down the street. When I'd gone about half a block I felt the urchin at my

Ladies...

Will save unpleasant delays and inconvenience to themselves by having their

FURS...

repaired, altered and remodeled to the latest styles now, before the busy season commences.

J. & J. LUGSDIN
MANUFACTURING FURRIERS
101 Yonge Street
TORONTO

elbow.

"Boss," he said, 'gentlemen allus pays me 10 cents, but I'll let you off wid a nickel. 'It is needless to say he got his dime. My reputation was at stake."

"Did you enjoy that coaching trip you went on?" "Oh, immensely! Before we'd gone half-way there were hardly any two who'd speak to each other, and all of us cut our host dead."

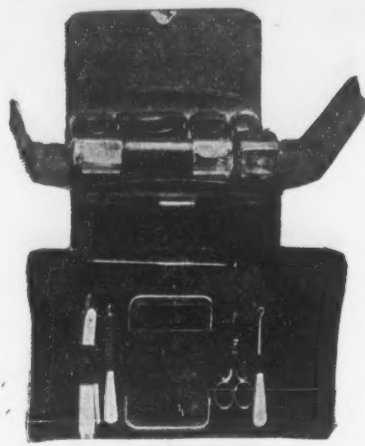
"The late editor's wife is something of a humorist. 'Indeed?' 'Yes; took a line from his original salutation and placed it on his tombstone. 'What was it?' 'We are here to stay."

Irate party—Young man, have you made any provision for your family? Is your life insured? Agent—I—er—'Irate party—Well, it don't make any difference just now. But you'd better get it insured before you call here again."

Miss Burdick—Do you sell postage stamps? Drug Clerk—Yes'm. Miss Burdick—Well, let me have five two's, please; and give me nice ones, won't you? The last ones I bought all stuck together in my pocket before I'd been carrying them around a week."

Daughter—Papa went away in very good spirits this morning. Mother—Good gracious! That reminds me that I forgot to ask him for some money!

Physician—And you have felt this way for several days? H'm! Let me see your tongue. Patient—It's no use, doctor; no tongue can tell how I suffer.



H. E. Clarke & Co.
The JULIAN SALE LEATHER GOODS CO., Ltd.

MANUFACTURERS OF...

Trunks, Bags
Purses, Pocketbooks
Footballs
Golf Bags, &c.

105
KING ST. WEST

Toilet Bag

OR...

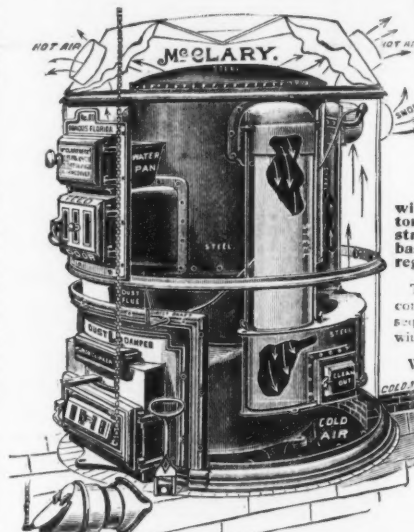
Dressing Case

IS A
NECESSITY

IN
TRAVELING



Hot Air Furnaces



With Hot Water Combination if Desired.

Our ...
Famous Florida For Coal.

with steel dome, low steel radiator and three steel flues, is constructed on the principle of a base burner stove, and is as easily regulated as one.

The distance the heat has to travel compels its utmost radiation, and consequently insures great heating power with economy in fuel.

WE HOLD HIGHEST TESTIMONIALS FROM USERS.

THE MCCLARY MFG. CO.

LONDON, MONTREAL, TORONTO, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER.

If your local dealer does not handle our goods, write our nearest house.

COAL AND
LOWEST
PRICES



ELIAS
& CO.
ROGERS

CHINA HALL

Ranson...

A complete assortment of this pattern in "WHITE CHINA."

Art Glass...

A choice selection of crystal shapes for decorating.

JUNOR & IRVING

49 King Street East, Toronto

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

CANDEE—At 9 Homewood avenue, Toronto, on Wednesday, Sept. 4, the wife of Charles N. Candee—twins, a son and a daughter.
DAVIS—At Novastock, on Sept. 3, Mrs. Mahlon Davis—a son.

BUTLER—Sept. 6 Mrs. W. E. Butler—a daughter.
DUNSTAN—Sept. 11, Mrs. Kenneth Dunstan—a daughter.
DREW—Sept. 11, Mrs. John Drew—a daughter.
WILLIAMS—Sept. 11 Mrs. E. G. Williams—a son.
MCCLUSLAND—Sept. 8, Mrs. F. H. McCausland—a daughter.

Marriages.

BROUGH—MCCAY—Sept. 4 A. E. Brough to Miss McCay, Jessie Robson.
FRITCHARD—PRATT—Sept. 4, Dr. Fritchard to Ida M. Pratt.
KNIGHT—LONGHURST—Sept. 4, D. G. Knight to Caroline Longhurst.
ALLEN—BAUNDER—Sept. 4, Frederick W. Allen to Beulah J. Bauder.
CHAPPELL—LLOYD—Sept. 7, Miss James Chappell to Florence Lloyd.
DEAN—BROWN—Aug. 21, W. H. Dean to E. Lee Brown.
SEMPLE—BINCLAIR—Sept. 10, Robert Semple to Christine Binclair.

Deaths.

CARTER—Sept. 11, Sarah J. Carter, an infant.
HOLLAND—Sept. 10, Georgina H. Holland, aged 85.
HUNTER—Sept. 5, F. J. Hunter.
HUME—Galt, Sept. 10, Gavin Hume, aged 77.
HAND—Sept. 10, Frank J. Hand, aged 27.

McKENDRY'S

EXHIBITION WEEK.

Just as interesting to the fashionable ladies who are in the city now is the display of Fall Goods in each department as compared with the Industrial Exhibition. The looms of France, Germany, Great Britain and Ireland have contributed to swell the stock to more gigantic proportions than ever before. Personal buying at the headquarters of European manufacture makes novelty certain and quality beyond question.

Dress Goods
Millinery
Mantles
Laces
Ribbons
Silks
Gloves
Hosiery
Underwear
Linens
Curtains
Fancy Goods
Men's Furnishings

All these departments are worthy a visit from those who expect to find the newest kinds combined with the most reasonable prices.

**MILLINERY OPENING ON
WEDNESDAY NEXT**

McKENDRY & Co.
202, 204, 206, 208 Yonge St.
TORONTO

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

WILL SELL ROUND TRIP TICKETS FROM TORONTO TO

LONDON Sept. 12 to 20 \$3.40
Sept. 17 and 19 \$2.50

GOOD FOR RETURN UNTIL SEPT. 23

MONTREAL Sept. 16 and 18 \$7.00
Sept. 17 and 19 \$10.00

GOOD FOR RETURN UNTIL SEPT. 23

FLEMING—Sept. 6, Mrs. Bridget Fleming.
MOHR—Sept. 6, Anna Stewart Mohr, aged 23.
SWAN—Sept. 6, Georgina L. Swan, aged 27.
MOODY—Sept. 4, Sarah Moody.
MACFARLANE—Sept. 5, Malcolm Macfarlane, aged 63.

DR. G. L. BALL DENTIST
Office, "The Forum," Yonge St. Tel. 9133. Hours, 9-5.
Residence, 84 Bedford Road. Tel. 4067. Hours, 8-10 p.m.

Phenomenal.

First clubman (looking over paper)—By Jove! The engagement of Miss Van Dorn and old Tilcott is announced. She appears to have really accepted him.

Second clubman—Yes; and, they say, told him everything.

First clubman—What courage!

Second clubman—What a memory!